# THE SPEAKER

*SATURDAY, JANUARY* 23, 1892.

## PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

EVERY token of public sympathy attended the funeral of the DUKE OF CLARENCE in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on Wednesday. In London, mourning was general; and had the idea of a State procession through the streets been carried out, there can be no doubt that the manifestation of sorrowful respect would have taken a most impressive form. The domestic sentiment of the nation was never more deeply touched, and it found expression in many emblems from humble sympathisers, which were more affecting than columns of ceremonious grief. There have been some ill-considered attempts to find remarkable qualities in the DUKE OF CLARENCE, who made no pretensions during his life to the attributes which have been discovered after his death. This is one of the penalties of his station, for there will always be somebody to assume that the very being of a Prince carries with it some miraculous endowment. Had the Duke lived to ascend the Throne, he would have discharged the duties of his position with befitting dignity, and with due observance of the constitutional principle. More than that it is not given to an English Sovereign to achieve. We do not expect the monarch to be deeply versed in statecraft, for every department of the national business has its appointed administrator. The bitter bereavement of the Royal Family appeals to the tenderest human feeling, but it has no political bearing except on contingencies of the succession, which do not touch the substantial interests of the nation.

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MR. GLADSTONE'S letter to MR. MADEN puts in a concise form the impeachment of Unionist policy. It is useless to deny that in 1886 the Unionists scouted Coercion and Land Purchase, and took their stand upon equal laws for England and Ireland. It is also undeniable that they have pledged British credit to a hundred millions by the Land Purchase Act, that they have ruled the Irish with a permanent Coercion Act, and that in six years they have offered Ireland nothing but the shadow of the Local Government which was to endow Irishmen with the rights enjoyed by English citizens. Even the scheme projected by MR. BALFOUR, to the deep disgust of all his followers, will make no provision for that reform of Dublin Castle which MR. T. W. RUSSELL, in a lucid interval, admitted to be a vital necessity. To-day Rossendale will, we trust, decisively reject the invitation to "a systematic support of a Tory Government," addressed to "a constituency historically Liberal" by a candidate who is nothing but a sieve under the Unionist pump.

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THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE has replied to MR. GLADSTONE'S letter in a document which, for disingenuousness, has happily few parallels. Taxed with violation of pledges, he says he has never been in a position to promise reforms of Irish government or anything else. All he did—this irresponsible politician who has kept a Tory Government in office—was to "admit the existence in Ireland of a desire, recognised by the Liberal party as reasonable within certain limits, for a larger share of control by the Irish people over their own affairs." Does the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE really believe that such a statement from a man in his position at a crisis in which he and his allies persuaded the country that they had an alternative policy much better than MR. GLADSTONE'S, was not as binding a pledge as the usages of public life have ever exacted? If so, he will find that the Liberal electors throughout the kingdom differ widely from him both in ethics and politics.

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FOR the rest, the Duke shows that while he is MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S nominal chief, in partisanship he is that personage's obedient pupil. MR. CHAMBERLAIN set the example of vilifying the Liberal Cabinet of which he was a member, and the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE is equally oblivious of his responsibilities between 1881 and 1885. He actually insinuates that the resignation of MR. FORSTER was followed by the Phœnix Park assassinations with a closer coincidence than the point of time. He recalls LORD SPENCER'S demand for the renewal of "some of the provisions" of the Crimes Act in 1885, but does not mention that MR. CHAMBERLAIN was strongly opposed to that course, and that the Tories, when they came in, showed their appreciation of LORD SPENCER'S success by allowing the Act to lapse. Finally, the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE has the audacity to taunt MR. MORLEY with the Belfast riots in 1886, as if everybody did not know that they were the work of the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S Orange friends, who are now whining for protection from the victims of their own brutality.

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WE do not care to characterise the following lines culled from the *Times* on Thursday, and inspired by the anger of the writer at the fact that the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE has been unable to reply to the charge brought against him by MR. GLADSTONE in his letter to the Liberal candidate for Rossendale: "Somebody ought to make a collection of MR. GLADSTONE'S letters to GLADSTONIAN candidates. . . . Such a compilation might safely be backed to contain more ungenerous detraction, disingenuous criticism, and malicious misrepresentation than any other equal quantity of letterpress in the world. MR. GLADSTONE was never remarkable for chivalry or candour towards political opponents. . . . He makes a gratuitous and unjust attack on the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE. . . . MR. GLADSTONE is under the very greatest personal obligations to the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE. . . . The burden of gratitude presses heavily on certain natures, and this may be the reason," etc. etc. We condole heartily with the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, who has to submit to the misfortune of being supported by the urbane and sagacious writer who is responsible for the words we have quoted.

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IF the rumour that BISHOP VAUGHAN will be the new Cardinal should prove accurate, the loss of CARDINAL MANNING will be acutely felt for a long time to come. It may be hoped that MONSIGNOR GILBERT will be the choice of the Vatican. DR. VAUGHAN'S political views are entirely alien to those of his great predecessor, and they are not in the least likely to command that secular sympathy which is the most striking tribute to CARDINAL MANNING'S memory. Amongst the working-classes this Prince of the Church enjoyed a popularity which was due to his breadth of mind and his keen perception of the organic forces of democracy. To a multitude who were quite untouched by his religious doctrines his name was a

standard of sound judgment and kindly zeal. The depth of popular feeling was attested by the enormous throng of people who passed through the Archbishop's House in Westminster and the Brompton Oratory, during the days that the body of the dead Cardinal lay in state.

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THE congratulations showered on M. CONSTANS for his extraordinary assault on M. LAUR in the French Chamber have found echoes in this country. We read in journals which are never weary of execrating Irish politicians that M. LAUR richly deserved his punishment. It does not occur to the admirers of a Minister who favours a vilifier with a black eye that this act in any way impairs the authority of the Chamber, or lowers its prestige in the eyes of the world. But if an Irish Poor Law guardian were to argue with a brother-official according to the CONSTANS method, we should be told that this proved the incapacity of the Irish to manage their own affairs, and the ridiculous futility of a Parliament on College Green.

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THE reverse to the British arms in Nyassaland is scarcely a fitting text for a homily on the mischief of all attempts to suppress the slave-trade by force. We are told that CONSUL JOHNSTON is a "prancing pro-consul" who ought to be warned to let the slave-traders alone. The only way to stop this traffic is, it is said, to persuade the Mussulmans of Cairo to become monogamists, for if there were no harems there would be no demand for slaves. CONSUL JOHNSTON will probably take excellent care of himself; and it may be noted in passing that the recent disaster was due less to the prowess of the slave-dealers than to a storm on Lake Nyassa. But the idea that a British officer at an outpost of civilisation is to fold his arms amidst the abominations of the slave-trade while some well-meaning persons at home are preaching monogamy to the Moslem, is a curious illustration of non-intervention run mad.

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THE influenza is still causing incalculable trouble. On Tuesday the *Times* announced that the deaths chronicled in its columns that day reached the unprecedented total of 159. The mortality last week was higher by twelve hundred than in the corresponding week for ten years back. In London the death-rate was 40 per thousand. The plague is impartial, for every class and station are affected by it, and superior sanitation is of no more service than the most primitive habits. The medical faculty is paralysed, and can suggest nothing save the enactment of influenza as an infectious disease. As this would subject many people to disagreeable sanitary regulations with which they have hitherto had no personal acquaintance, it is improbable at present that DR. SISLEY'S proposal will be adopted. So the world must wag as it can, while no man knows from hour to hour whether friend or kindred will not be struck down beside him by a malignant and invincible pest.

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THE unanimous condemnation which the proposed Albert University Scheme has met with at the hands of the Convocation of the London University, together with the equally unanimous feeling expressed at the important conference at the Memorial on Monday, go to show that both outside and inside opinion is now rapidly maturing against the scheme. Indeed, the complete unanimity with which the educational deficiencies of the scheme have been denounced, has quite thrown into the background the objections to its sectarian aspect. Such an expression of opinion can hardly fail to find its echo in Parliament, and the House of Commons will hardly care to incur the responsibility of sanctioning a scheme which was so hurriedly prepared, and which fuller discussion has shown to be even more "crude and inadequate" than it appeared at first sight.

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THE meeting of the Chamber of Commerce at Salters' Hall on Thursday afternoon to discuss MR. GOSCHEN'S proposed amendment of the Bank Charter Act was unanimously of opinion that the metallic reserves of the country are insufficient and ought to be increased. But the meeting showed a marked dislike of the proposal to issue £1 notes. Even MR. MONTAGUE, who has long been an advocate of the issue, admits that the notes would not be received in London, and he does not hope that in all England much more than ten millions could be got into circulation. As regards those he was addressing, he did not venture to ask for their approval of the proposed change, but contented himself to urge that they should not try to prevent those who might be willing to accept £1 notes from getting them. Irishmen and Scotchmen in England, he contended, would gladly take £1 notes, and gradually other classes would come to look more favourably upon them. But the meeting in general was clearly not in favour of the change. At the same time, the lesson of the BARING crisis has been taken to heart, and everybody feels that it is humiliating for a great country like this to be obliged to apply to France and Russia for the loan of a few millions of gold when danger arises. The general desire is for further inquiry. An amendment to that effect to the motion approving £1 notes was carried by a large majority.

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AT the beginning of the week the Stock Markets were all in gloom. Business here had been checked by the death of the DUKE OF CLARENCE, and the decision of the Stock Exchange Committee to close the Exchange on Wednesday almost stopped business on Monday and Tuesday. In Paris the Bourse was affected by the decision of the new Portuguese Government to offer a compromise to the bondholders. There are also fears that the Spanish finances are again passing into a very unsatisfactory state, while the crisis in Italy is deepening, and the famine in Russia is growing worse. In New York, too, alarm was created on Monday by rumours that the President was about to send a warlike message to Congress respecting Chili, and by reported activity in the Navy Department. There was a very sharp fall in all American securities in consequence, and a still further fall on Tuesday. Suddenly, however, there was a sharp recovery on Wednesday.

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THE Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday put down their rate of discount from 3½ per cent. to 3 per cent. The change had been expected for fully a fortnight, and it is evident that it could not very well have been postponed much longer, for the outside market is so well supplied with loanable capital that the rate in the open market had fallen to about 1¾ per cent.—just half of the Bank rate. It was evidently useless to keep the Bank rate so much higher than the market rate, and therefore the Bank acted wisely in making the change. The joint-stock banks immediately reduced the rates they allow on deposit from 2 per cent. to 1½ per cent., and the discount houses lowered their deposit rates from 1½ per cent. for money at call to 1¼ per cent., and from 1¾ per cent. for money at notice to 1½ per cent. The Silver Market continues very quiet. The price at the beginning of the week had recovered to 43d. per oz., but it fell back again on Tuesday to 42 $\frac{9}{16}$d. per oz. On Thursday, however, the market was somewhat stronger, for at last there appears to be an upward movement in the Indian Money Market, the Banks both of Bombay and Bengal having raised their rates of discount from 3 per cent. to 4 per cent. If the Money Market becomes more active and rates continue to rise, the demand for silver will, of course, increase.

## COLD COMFORT FOR UNIONISTS.

FOR a party so proud of its unity, there are some curious divergences of opinion in the views held by the two leading sections of the Ministerialists. We have only to turn to the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh* Reviews in order to find proof of this fact. And for once we must confess it is with the Tory rather than the Whig organ that we find ourselves most nearly in agreement. Both Tories and Whigs have, indeed, some opinions in common. Both are possessed by an almost childish terror of the future. They can conceal neither from themselves nor their readers the fact that the merry game of Unionism is played out, and that the coming General Election means the defeat of the Coalition they represent. Both also are filled with admiration of the present House of Commons. "In a few short months it will have passed away, full of years and of honour, into the region of history," says the *Edinburgh*; and forthwith the critic of to-day assumes to himself the functions of the historian, and proceeds to tell us what posterity will think of the Parliament of 1886. No sensible person will feel the smallest objection to the praises which the reviewer is good enough to bestow upon himself and his friends. But sensible people might have valued the glowing panegyrics on the wisdom and patriotism of the dying House more highly if they had been supported by a few grains of fact. No doubt our own view of the character of this Parliament will be eminently distasteful to the readers of the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly*, but as everybody in this free country has a right to express his opinions, we shall not hide ours, little as they may commend themselves to our opponents.

To us, then, it seems that the dying Parliament, so far from deserving well of the people of the United Kingdom, has done its best to degrade and dishonour Parliamentary institutions as a whole. Of substantial good it has accomplished little or nothing at all; it has indeed kept Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour in power, and, so far, it is entitled to the gratitude of the admirers of those statesmen. But at what a cost has it accomplished this, its solitary feat! Freedom of debate has been sacrificed, so that the gravest measures affecting Constitutional questions of the highest importance have been literally forced through the House by the use of a mechanical majority. The Closure, which, when suggested in its mildest form by Mr. Gladstone, was denounced by every patriot on the Tory benches as a treasonable attempt to destroy the independence of Parliament, has, in the hands of the men now in power, been applied with a harshness and a violence which must revolt every student of Constitutional history. No doubt the *Edinburgh*, in its attempt to whitewash its friends, will defend their attack upon the best traditions of Parliament by a reference to obstruction. But it will find it impossible to prove that there has been any obstruction on the part of Liberals in the present Parliament which will compare with that offered to Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues in the Parliament of 1880. It is, however, needless to pursue this point. We shall look forward with not a little interest to the criticisms which the *Edinburgh*, a year or two hence, will be passing upon the use by a Liberal Government of the drastic measures for forwarding debate which have been so freely granted to the men now in power. Among the other blots upon the credit of the present Parliament—far too numerous to be mentioned in detail—its treatment of Mr. Parnell in connection with the forged letters can never be forgotten. Whatever Mr. Parnell's faults may have been, a great judicial inquiry proved beyond possibility of question that he was the victim of one of the most cruel and atrocious personal outrages recorded in history. With the authors of that outrage—nay, with the outrage itself—the present Parliament, to its undying disgrace, associated itself; and, even when the vile conspiracy had been exposed, the House of Commons had so little of manliness, so small a regard for truth and fair-play, that it refused to take the only adequate means of vindicating the character of one of its own members, so cruelly and grossly maligned. We invite the *Edinburgh Review*, when it next ventures to talk nonsense about the "honour" of the dying Parliament, to tell us frankly what it thinks of this episode in its history. For our part, we maintain that by its treatment of Mr. Parnell it has incurred a weight of odium which nothing can remove from it, and which alone will suffice to sink it to the level of the very worst Parliament known in our history.

It is of little use, however, to spend time in the discussion of the virtues or the vices of a moribund body. It will be more to the point to turn to the future; and it is here that we discover the curious divergence in the opinions of the Whigs and the Tories. The Whig organ, with a dulness of mental vision which seems to indicate the waning faculties of age, professes to believe—not perhaps that Home Rule is dead, but that everybody, and more especially Mr. Gladstone and his followers, wish it to die. The Liberals, we are told, are seeking every possible opportunity of diverting the public mind from this great question, and are trying to fight their battles upon any side-issue, however trivial, rather than upon the great issue of the future of Ireland. If it were worth while seriously to combat this delusion, we would ask the *Edinburgh* in what direction its eyes have been turned, say, during the last two years? Has it read the records of any one of the many contested elections in which during that period Tory seats have been captured by Liberals? Does it ever condescend to turn its exalted vision upon the humble pages of the *Daily News*, THE SPEAKER, or any of the provincial newspapers which are the recognised organs of Liberal opinion? It is only by supposing our august contemporary to answer both these questions in the negative that we can in any way account for the delusion by which it is, apparently, besotted. But we have only to turn to the *Quarterly Review* in order to find a full answer to the *Edinburgh* on this point. The Tory organ, with more intelligence and perspicacity than its Whig ally seems to possess, loudly bewails the fact that whilst Mr. Gladstone and his party lose no opportunity of insisting, with what it doubtless regards as "damnable iteration," upon the salient points of the Irish Question, the Unionists, so-called, have practically dropped the subject. There is at least more truth in this assertion than in the contrary one put forth by the *Edinburgh*. But, after all, is it not just possible that there is a reason for that lack of enthusiasm in opposition to Home Rule on the part of the Unionists which the *Quarterly* bewails? Does it not occur to the critic that for all practical purposes we have now reached a point in the Home Rule controversy at which argument on either side is practically of little effect? If there is one lesson taught more clearly than any other by the bye-elections of the last two years, it is that the electors have, so far as the overwhelming majority is concerned, made up their minds as to Home Rule. They have weighed Mr. Balfour's much-vaunted success in the balances, and have found it wanting: and seeing how completely the present Ministers, despite

their advantages, have failed in their attempt to settle the Irish Question, they have determined that in the next Parliament another set of men, representing another policy, shall be asked to deal with it. This fact, we imagine, goes far to account for the half-heartedness of which the *Quarterly Review* complains. To most Liberals it seems that the Home Rule battle has already been won, and every candidate or member who has had recent opportunities of meeting a public audience can bear testimony to the fact that he has found that the minds of men are already made up on this great question. The doom of Coercion is sealed, and all that remains is for the nation to pass sentence upon the hateful thing.

We shall not follow the *Edinburgh* in its foolish gibes at the Newcastle programme. It might at least have remembered that, as the first item in that programme, the granting of Home Rule to Ireland figures conspicuously. But one observation we may make. In its closing sentences the *Edinburgh* declares that "on every side there is work to be done for which the country cannot afford to wait till years of struggle have been spent over the interminable question of Ireland." In this expression of opinion we need hardly say that we heartily concur, and it is precisely because we hold this view, and because we know that the nation holds it also, that we cling to the belief that in the coming General Election the electors will take the only step by which the years of strife in Ireland can at last be terminated.

## THE NATIONAL MOURNING.

THE word "unique" is strictly applicable to the spectacle which has been witnessed throughout the world during the past week. Never before has a display of mourning like that which has been seen over the death of the Duke of Clarence struck the imagination of spectators. The nearest approach to it was the anxiety which prevailed everywhere at the time of the illness of the Prince of Wales. But more than twenty years have passed since then, and science, which has been steadily striding forwards during the interval, has done much to knit together all the races of mankind, annihilating distance and sending an instantaneous impulse to the remotest part of the world's surface. Thus it has happened that throughout the world-wide Empire of the Queen there have been simultaneous displays of the emotion which has been felt so strongly in the capital. The Huron Indians and the people of the remote North-West Provinces of India, the English adventurers in Mashonaland, and the officers commanding the outposts on the Nile, have been able at the same hour and almost at the same moment to join the people of this country in testifying to their sorrow for the national calamity. It is wonderfully impressive, this spectacle which we have witnessed during the past week; nor is its impressiveness diminished by reason of the fact that even those who have, as a rule, held themselves apart from the great movements of our national life have taken their share in this. No message of sympathy addressed to Sandringham has evoked a warmer response than that which came from the Dublin Town Council, the very body which, a few days earlier, had declined to take notice of the approaching marriage of the dead Prince. The sympathy of foreign nations, too, has been shown in a manner not only remarkable, but peculiarly grateful to the susceptibilities of all classes in this country. No doubt the circumstances of the Duke's death, so tragical in themselves, have had something to do with the quite unusual outburst of emotion which has been witnessed in the Continental capitals. But even those circumstances cannot wholly account for the sympathy of which the English Royal Family have been the objects during the past week. It is clear that we have all learned a great lesson since the hour when the fatal news from Sandringham was spread abroad. It is a lesson by which princes as well as people may profit. If, on the one hand, we have learned once more how deep rooted is the sentiment of loyalty in the British race, and with what natural and spontaneous affection it looks to the first family in the land, the members of that family have been taught, on the other hand, how great is the place they hold in the estimation of the world, and how grave and terrible are the responsibilities which that place imposes upon them. It is needless to dwell upon this lesson, for it must have sunk deep into the hearts of all during the past week. Suffice it to say that the Queen and the Prince of Wales and those near and dear to them have been brought much closer to the hearts of Her Majesty's subjects by this great sorrow, and that it is difficult to understand how anything can happen to weaken the bond of affection and regard, the existence of which has been so clearly established.

There have, of course, been some discordant notes struck during the universal outburst of genuine feeling. We do not refer to the churlish miners who, by a small majority, refused to turn from the consideration of their own wants in order to utter a word of sympathy with a deeply afflicted family; and still less do we think of the South African editor who showed his fitness for the position he holds by choosing the present as a suitable moment in which to utter scandalous calumnies upon the dead. These are incidents altogether too trivial and too contemptible to be taken into account in presence of a world-wide grief. But it is in the nature of things that some of those who have been foremost in their expressions of sympathy should have allowed their feelings to outrun their discretion. We read, for instance, the other day in a well-known weekly newspaper the statement that even the "enemies" of the Royal Family were affected by the death of the Duke of Clarence. It would be interesting to know to whom the writer referred when he used the phrase. For our own part, we do not believe that in all the wide realm over which Queen Victoria rules she or her children can have a single personal enemy. Certainly, even among those who cling to the theory that a Republican form of government is the ideally perfect one, we do not think that anyone will be found who has not a feeling of hearty goodwill towards the present representatives of the Monarchy, and who does not hold that, despite his theories, the institutions under which he lives have worked and are working so well that it would be a sin in present circumstances to attempt to change them.

Of folly of another kind we have had during the week abundant evidence. What, for example, can possibly have been more distasteful to those who mourn than the correspondence in the newspapers as to the manner in which the wedding-gifts—now, alas! no longer called for—shall be disposed of? It is, we suppose, one of the penalties of the great position held by the Royal Family and those connected with it that in their hour of darkest sorrow they cannot hope to be free from impertinences of this kind. Under similar circumstances, the poorest subject in the realm would at least have been allowed to bear his or her burden undisturbed by the clamour of a self-advertising clique. Popular sympathy with the Prince and Princess of Wales and the destined bride of the Duke of Clarence ought to be all the keener

because of this evidence of the fact that they are subject to sufferings from which less exalted personages would be exempt. Nor are we by any means convinced that in some matters the popular demonstrations of grief—we mean, the outward and formal demonstrations—have not been overdone. Doubtless the error, if it be one, is on the right side. But when we remember how strenuously sensible people of every class have been striving for years past to divest the grave and the idea of death of the gloomy associations of the undertaker, we cannot but feel a pang of regret that in some of the manifestations of a very real and heartfelt grief the undertaker should apparently have been allowed to resume his sway. Yet these are but the passing follies of the hour, due to the ineradicable weakness of human nature, and to that vanity which can find even in the greatest of sorrows an opportunity for advertising itself. Such things, we feel assured, will soon be forgotten, and those who have been concerned in them will sink back into their natural insignificance. That which the people of Great Britain, and of the Greater Britain on which the sun never sets, cannot soon forget, will be the oneness of the grief which they have shared in common, the demonstration of genuine loyalty to the Crown which has been offered alike by the nearest and the most remote of the Queen's subjects, and the happy proof that has been afforded that "mankind are one in spirit," and that a tragical incident like that of the death of the Duke of Clarence on the eve of his marriage can stir noble hearts of every clime and tongue to a spontaneous movement of affectionate and respectful sympathy with those who have suffered so cruelly.

## THE INGRATITUDE OF LONDON.

WE do not know that it is necessary to press too severely the moral of the latest attack on the London County Council. Mr. Brudenell Carter and the *Times* have been sufficiently answered according to their folly by members of the Council as little in sympathy with Progressive policy as Mr. Beachcroft. Similar assaults have been similarly repelled without affecting the virulence of the Council's assailants or perceptibly qualifying their ignorance of its concerns. However, it is worth noticing how completely Mr. Carter's one notable charge—that of inefficient, overlarge, and packed Committees—has broken down. Mr. Beachcroft's testimony is clear that the Committees have been free from party bias, and that their unusual size has contributed to their efficiency. Indeed, the two characteristic complaints of Mr. Carter against the general temper of the Council are obviously self-contradictory. The first is that it suffers from *trop de zèle*, which, in a praiseworthy sense, may have a shadow of truth; the second is that it has surrendered its business into the hands of its officials. When it is thought necessary to embroil the Council—as in the Shaw controversy—with its staff, the first is dwelt on; when it is deemed expedient, in view of a coming election, to show that the Council has not done its work, the second line of attack is preferred. The *Times* has never been a specially fair controversialist, but in connection with the London County Council, it has become impossible to appeal to it on the low ground of want of tact. Nothing, however, could better serve the cause of the Progressives in the ensuing election than for their chief assailant to select its ground in obvious want of judgment, and then to be driven from it with pitiful ease.

Or take another line of attack akin to Mr. Carter's, and pursued by the *Spectator*, which illustrates in nothing more clearly than in its attitude towards Municipal Liberalism the obvious fact that its dissidence on the Home Rule question is merely a symptom of its steady opposition to democracy, as interpreted by latter-day Radicalism, or even by the average moderate view of the working Liberal. The *Spectator* the other day complained that the Council did not leave policy and confine itself with such administrative questions as the treatment of the fog. Now let us examine the history of this point, for it is vital to an appreciation of the spirit and method of London's first Parliament. As a matter of fact, one of the very first subjects of inquiry by the Council was the possibility of dealing with the fog nuisance. The Council at once discovered that here, as in a score of kindred questions, the difficulty was that policy affected administration. The Smoke Abatement Act—the only measure affording any help, and that a totally inadequate one—was in the hands of the police, who, as everybody knows, were out of the Council's control. The Council, two years ago, suggested the transference of powers to the sanitary authority. Last session the Government gave London a Consolidated Health Act, which came into operation on the first of this month, and makes the desired change. Like the Housing Act of 1890, and like many other Bills in which the Government, after unwise and ungracious resistance, have come round to the views of the Council, the citizens of London owe the first possibility of improved administration to the revival of public spirit—the *vivida vis* which the Council has infused into Metropolitan government. While the critics have been railing, the Council has been working, with the result that London has in three years realised a measure of civic improvement which no preceding decade can boast. Though it has been little more than an enlarged vestry, it has done what no body dominated by the vestry mind could have done, and would even have thought of doing. And the claim for larger powers, which every student of London questions knows to be indefeasible, rests clearly on the excellent and vigorous use of the limited authority with which the Council was first endowed. It might very well have happened—it was an obvious peril, foreseen by Lord Rosebery and other friends of the Council—that the Progressives' sense of the limitations of their work would blind the majority to the very real advantages which London might reap from a strong administrative lead. In point of fact, nothing of the kind has occurred. The great administrative bodies on the Council—the Bridges Committee, the Main Drainage Committee, the Parks Committee, and the Asylums Committee—have been notoriously the most efficient. If London wants to know how the Council has governed it, let it inquire how these Committees have discharged their trust.

For these reasons we should await the result of the approaching election with perfect confidence, if we were dealing with any city but London. But, unhappily, London is unique for its political lightheadedness, its forgetfulness of benefits, its want of corporate life, its morbid individualism of personal habit. There is nothing surprising in all this. London is so big, and is so used to bad government, its citizens are so absorbed in the pursuit of private gain, that the difference between an active, unselfish, municipal *régime* like that of the County Council, and a bad, sluggish, and, whenever dishonesty was safe, a corrupt government like that of the Board of Works, does not strike its imagination. Yet for three years the Council has waged an unceasing war in its interests—in Parliament, with the central Government; with the vestries; with railway, gas, electric, and other monopolies; and with the evil forces which are responsible for its scant measure of

communal light, and air, and pleasure—in a word, of Ibsen's "joy of life." It is not that all this unrewarded toil has cost London anything. On the contrary, a halfpenny rate would pay for it all, exclusive of an absolutely trifling addition to its small public debt, a debt which Lord Lingen, a particularly severe and even prudish financial expert, has declared to be moderate. In exchange for that, we enjoy to-day three or four charming parks and over a score new open spaces, a substantially improved system of main drainage, an equitable treatment of public labour, an enlarged fire service, a free ferry, which has carried over the Thames a number of people equal to the whole population of London, and a purified system of public entertainment. Against these boons it is impossible to set a single scandal, a single piece of administrative *lâches*, a single blunder worth the name. And yet London can do little but growl, and take the vulgar English delight in the unmannered complaints of a thoroughly ill-informed press!

## WATKIN *v.* THE PEOPLE OF LONDON.

WE have to ask a new service at the hands of the London County Council, one worthy of their best energies. Sir Edward Watkin and the people of London are at variance in regard to his latest project, and it seems not unlikely that he will win, and that the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincoln Railway will make its way into London. He is working with his usual indomitable courage and perseverance, while the public, a little wearied of the struggle or ignorant of the issues, are beginning to slacken in their opposition to his Bill. A railway is a good thing in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. In the hundredth case it is an evil; and that which Sir Edward Watkin proposes is exactly the hundredth case. We are glad to see that Mr. Alma Tadema and other artists and residents in St. John's Wood are still fighting against the menaced danger; but in view of its magnitude and gravity we would fain see their hands strengthened. The erection of another great terminus in London will ruin a whole district—a district unique in being made up, in great measure, of small houses surrounded by gardens, a sort of green oasis, the abode and refuge of artists and not a few quiet literary folk. Such a spot does not keep all its blessings to itself. It sweetens the surrounding and less-favoured neighbourhoods. The poor inhabitants of Portland Town and those of the wastes of Paddington and Edgware Road are all the better for this space of broad roads, low-built houses, and many gardens.

No one suggests that we have imperfect railway connections with the North of England. The Great Northern, the London and North-Western, and the Midland fully meet the most exacting requirements. Much of the long-distance passenger traffic on some of these lines does not pay. A third-class passenger on any of these lines—if he be not travelling the mid-week or fortnight of August—can generally get a whole seat to himself. Three great rival railways compete in every detail of management, speed, comfort, and punctuality. Why then another line to the North? Londoners want a few quiet hours in the twenty-four. They want as much space and as much fresh air as will make life worth living. By sharp experience they know what the entrance of a great railway into London means. Like an armed force entering a crowd, it ruthlessly presses everything out of its way. It crushes out thousands. It drives them into narrower or denser quarters. And we know, too, that, besides attendant noise, dirt, and tumult, a new railway brings with it an army of people pushing in where all is already overcrowded. Inevitably this new railway would draw to London a fresh contingent of labourers to intensify the evils already existing. Few spots in the wide area of the Metropolis are left where men and women and little children may sleep undisturbed by the sound of engine whistles, fog-signals, and the clatter of shunting trucks, making night hideous. There is no need to appeal to sentimental reasons in contending that such spots should be spared. In answer to all this, we are told that Nottingham and certain other towns will be benefited. What would be said if it were proposed to spoil Nottingham or mar its amenities in order to benefit London?

We are told that railway travelling to northern towns will be cheapened. We notice that Sir Edward Watkin promised the shareholders of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincoln, at the half-yearly meeting the other day in Manchester, that the proposed new line would earn 6 per cent. Does this hold out a prospect of cheapness? But, in truth, this argument is a complete fallacy. What is useless or unneeded is always in the end expensive. With three lines now running to and from the North against each other the public get the benefit of enlightened, energetic rivalry. But competition is apt sooner or later to extinguish itself. Let us well consider this possibility. We have now to pay the interest on the interest on the capital of three railways. What will be the result if a fourth is formed, and they all eventually combine? Londoners are right in protesting against having thrust upon them a railway which they neither want nor need; and the London County Council will do well to make that protest effective. Sir Edward Watkin is a formidable enemy, and he will in the end be too much for a few suburban vestries, cricket clubs, and unorganised artists, if left to themselves.

## THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT AND THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

UNLESS Pope Leo the Thirteenth be a man of exceptionally sanguine temperament, he must have realised by this time that his great design for bringing about a reconciliation between the Church and the Republic in France is doomed to failure. It has had a very lukewarm reception even from those members of the hierarchy who were obliged to make an outward show of obedience to the mandates of the Vatican. It has provoked to open rebellion the Monarchists who constitute the vast majority of the ardent lay-adherents of the Church in France. Above all, it has not in the smallest degree mitigated the feeling of profound distrust and hostility with which Catholicism, in its aspect as a politico-ecclesiastical organisation, is regarded by Opportunist and Advanced Republicans alike. A feeling like this—at least as old as the days of Voltaire and the Cyclopædists, intensified by the events of the first Revolution, by the conflicts between the first Napoleon and the Papacy, by the attitude of the clericals during and after the Restoration of 1815, and again by the part which the leaders of the Church were content to play throughout the existence of the Second Empire—cannot be vanquished, cannot be perceptibly modified, at the mere bidding of even a Pope. All the sympathies, aspirations, and traditions of the Catholic party in France are anti-Republican; and most of the supporters of the present *régime* would at once begin to regard it with suspicion if they found it in friendly relations with the Church. M. Ferry and M. Clémenceau, widely as they may differ on other questions, are agreed in the belief that Republican institutions will never be

securely established until the Concordat is abolished and complete religious equality becomes a fundamental organic law in France. But by religious equality they do not mean what is understood by the advocates of Disestablishment in this country, for example. They mean the complete subjection of the Church to the disciplinary control of the civil power.

This feeling and purpose on the part of the Republicans explain how it happens that the recent pacific overtures of the Vatican have been met by the French Government with so root-and-branch a measure against the religious orders as the new Bill for the "regulation of associations." It is scarcely probable that the pacific M. Carnot and his cautious Premier have much relish for this project of legislation, which seems to have been framed with the express object of driving zealous Catholics to despair; but Radicalism predominates in the *personnel* of the present Ministry, and the Radicals have evidently resolved that if there is to be peace between the Republic and the Church, it shall only be on terms decided by the former, and implying the thorough subjection of the latter. Under the Concordat the Minister of Public Worship exercises a considerable measure of authority over the hierarchy; the Italian Bishops, for instance, are far more independent of the civil Government than their French fellow-prelates. But notwithstanding the strong measures adopted against them during the past ten years, the religious orders in France have hitherto contrived in a great degree to elude official control. They constitute as it were the irregular forces of the Church: they are well-nigh exempt from episcopal authority, looking for guidance to chiefs who are outside French territory, and they not only carry on an incessant and active Catholic propaganda, but accumulate property which is placed at the disposal of the Vatican, and largely helps every year to recruit the resources of the Pope at the expense of France. While the orders flourish the Church must always possess sources of strength and influence which are, in a manner, outside her legally recognised sphere, and the new Associations Bill has been framed with the deliberate intention of paralysing these potent agencies. It has a superficial aspect of impartiality. It makes no distinction between religious and secular associations, but, while relieving all alike of the obligation of official authorisation, puts all equally at the mercy of the Government. Any association may be dissolved by a police magistrate for infringement of the law, or by Ministerial decree in the event of its having foreign members or directors, or of its being under the control of a chief resident outside France. As all the great monastic and conventual orders are cosmopolitan, and as most of them are directed and officered from Rome, this provision obviously contemplates nothing less than their complete suppression in France. The penalty which it is proposed to attach to disobedience of a decree of dissolution is two years' imprisonment. As if this were not enough, the Bill prohibits any association from holding more property than is necessary for the accomplishment of its avowed object, and enables members to withdraw at any time from these bodies, taking with them all money which they may have subscribed to the funds, no matter what benefits may have been bestowed in exchange for such contributions. Wide powers of inspection are purposed to be given to the agents of the Government, and, in all cases in which an association carries on industrial or manufacturing operations, its establishments are to be placed under the Factories and Industrial Schools Inspection Laws.

The object of the Bill, in short, is to bring the religious orders thoroughly under secular supervision and control. It is a more comprehensive and, in its way, more draconic measure than even M. Ferry's Expulsion Law; and it will unquestionably be received by the Catholic party as a declaration of war to the knife against all that they hold most dear. What are the chances of its becoming law? The Ministry may reckon on the almost undivided support of all sections of the Republican party in its favour; and the Republicans, when they act together, constitute a clear majority of the present Chamber. But it is not to be forgotten that while they are nearly, if not quite, unanimous in their antagonism to the Church, they are widely divided in regard to other questions. The Monarchist Opposition may be excused for reckoning that the overturning of the present Cabinet, whatever the ultimate consequences, is not likely to be attended with more unpleasant results for them than its continuance in power with so manifest a purpose of hostility to the religious orders. The Extreme Left are extremely dissatisfied with the Government, and some of its leaders are eager for office. The ex-Boulangists, though few in number, are always ready to take part in any combination that may end in the ejection from power of the statesmen who baffled and routed them at the last General Election. All M. de Freycinet's undoubted ingenuity and resource as an "old Parliamentary hand" cannot prevent the recurrence of occasions when defeat in the Chamber would compel the Ministry either to resign or to dissolve, and it may be anticipated that the Clericals and Monarchists will henceforth be on the watch to avail themselves of the first opportunity of this kind that presents itself. That such tactics will profit them in the long run is very improbable, but when confronted by a policy like that embodied in the Associations Bill it is quite natural that they should clutch at any and every means of warding off the evil. As for Pope Leo's dream of conciliation between the Church and the Republic, its realisation is now postponed until after the Greek Kalends.

## THE INSOLVENCY OF PORTUGAL.

OUR readers have been prepared more than once for an intimation on the part of the Portuguese Government that it is unable to pay the full interest upon its debt, and in the speech of the new Prime Minister, setting forth the policy he and his colleagues propose to carry out, the intimation is now given. According to the telegraphic summary of the speech, he said, among other things, that "the creditors of the State would have to contribute towards the reconstitution of the finances and the equilibrium of the Budget." It is true that he expressed a hope that this would not apply to foreign creditors, but the foreign creditors will do well not to attach too much importance to the hope. If there is to be a complete and final settlement of the matter, then the foreign as well as the domestic bondholders will have to make a sacrifice. The new Prime Minister went on to announce that he would enforce the most rigorous economy. The outlay upon public works, the army and the navy, is to be reduced, salaries over £100 a year are to be cut down, the clerical staff is to be diminished and the income-tax is to be increased, while those who during the past fifty years have fallen into arrears in regard to that tax are to be compelled to pay up. All this sounds very well, but it remains to be seen whether the Government will be strong enough to carry out its promises. Meantime, the fact is now officially acknowledged

for the first time that the liabilities of Portugal are greater than she can discharge. An announcement of the kind has long been anticipated by every well-informed observer, but it has been forced on in a somewhat unexpected way. A couple of weeks ago, at a meeting of the Royal Portuguese Railway, a Committee of Inquiry was appointed, when it came out that the railway company is bankrupt, that its directors and officials have been guilty of acts which look very like fraud, that securities which were supposed to be in the safes of the company have been pawned or sold, and that even moneys subscribed by employés to the Pension Fund and to the National Defence have been made away with. Several of the directors and officials have been arrested, and a rigorous investigation into the whole affair is promised. The late Finance Minister, who formerly was an administrator of the railway, had agreed to lend a large sum to it. His colleagues, however, refused to carry out the arrangement, and he thereupon resigned, and his resignation was quickly followed by a break-up of the Cabinet. A new Ministry has now been formed, and, as stated above, the Premier announces that the chief task of his Administration will be to restore order in the finances, and, as a principal means of doing so, to enter into a compromise with the creditors of the State.

For long years Portugal has been living upon credit; that is to say, it has paid the interest upon its old debt by constant borrowing. Nearly every year there has been a large deficit, ranging from 1½ to 2 millions sterling. When the floating debt became unwieldy it was funded by borrowing abroad, and thus the debt has continued to grow. The difficulties of the little State were aggravated by the dispute with this country; and it became plain that bankruptcy could not be long staved off when an attempt to float a loan in Paris failed about two years ago. Since then the Government has had to sell whatever it could find purchasers for — like the Tobacco Monopoly — in order to find the means of paying its way. Now it seems to have arrived at the point when there is nothing to sell and nobody will lend. The revenue of Portugal has seldom been as much as 8½ millions sterling, while the expenditure has often been over 11¼ millions sterling. The debt now, in round figures, nearly approaches 150 millions sterling, and the annual charge on account of it amounts, roughly, to about 4½ millions sterling. The charge for the debt, it will thus be seen, is fully half of the entire revenue. A very rich country like our own or France or the United States might afford to pay without inconvenience half its annual revenue to its creditors, for taxation in the case of those States is far below what they could bear. But Portugal is a very poor as well as a very small State, and taxation has long ago reached the limit, as is proved by the fact that for so long a time every year has ended in a huge deficit. But perhaps the clearest way of showing how very much greater than the ability of the country to discharge them are the liabilities it has incurred, is to set forth the value of the exports. We need hardly remind our readers that the exports constitute the surplus production of every country. Part of them have to be exchanged for imports required to feed the people and to keep up the national production; the remainder is the real surplus which goes to discharge the foreign liabilities of the country. Now, the total value of the exports of Portugal for a series of years has not averaged 7½ millions sterling. If we assume that one-third of the exports constitute the real surplus, the remaining two-thirds being exchanged for what the country must have to maintain the existing standard of living, then it would follow that 2½ millions sterling is the real surplus out of which Portugal can afford to discharge her foreign liabilities. But we have seen above that the annual charge for the debt amounts to 4½ millions sterling. There are few countries in the world indeed which have to pay one-third of their exports in discharge of their debt engagements; but occasionally countries have done so. For example, the United States did during the five or six years immediately following the end of the Civil War. If the Portuguese people, then, are willing to submit to great sacrifices, they can afford to pay from 2½ to 3 millions sterling every year in interest upon their debt, but it is very doubtful indeed whether they can pay more. Three millions sterling would just constitute 2 per cent., or two-thirds of the present rate of interest.

Portuguese securities of all kinds are largely held upon the Continent. No doubt there is even still a considerable holding in this country; but British investors, fortunately, have recently refused to subscribe to the new issues; almost the whole of those have been taken by the Continent. The breakdown in Portugal will consequently affect France, Germany, Switzerland, Holland, and Belgium, most severely; but it seems certain that France will suffer most. The great French bankers have for several years been financing that country, and there can be little doubt that a large proportion of the recent issues are still in the hands of the leading financial houses in Paris and the other great Continental cities. An acknowledgment by the Government that it is unable to pay the full interest upon its debt will for a long time prevent investors from purchasing Portuguese securities, and therefore it is only too probable that those securities, like Argentine and Uruguayan, will practically be unsaleable. The great financial houses of the Continent will somehow or other have to provide the means for covering the losses they have incurred by taking those securities, and therefore the crisis will add to the difficulties both of the Paris and the Berlin markets. It may be said that a breakdown has so long been expected that practically Portuguese securities are now as low as they are likely to fall. The 3 per cent. bonds are quoted at about 28, and therefore if the country can pay 2 per cent. on those bonds, they would yield at the present price over 6½ per cent. No doubt that is true in a sense; but investors will ask themselves whether they can depend upon Portugal paying 2 per cent., any more than 3 per cent., and therefore they will not be willing to buy even at the present price. For a long time to come, consequently, it is to be feared that Portuguese securities will be shunned by investors, and therefore that the lock-up of capital on the part of the great Continental banks will be seriously increased.

## CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE death of the Duke of Clarence has called out not only the inevitable ceremonial of Court mourning and formal condolence, but also numerous manifestations of sincere regret for the loss sustained by England. The Continental Press has expressed its sympathy with hardly a discordant note, and the graceful condolences of the French Press in particular contrast oddly with the fretfulness displayed by some of its leading organs about the designs on Tangier which they impute to Lord Salisbury.

Apart from this, there is no event to chronicle this week of anything like first-rate importance. The dulness which prevails in politics at Christmas-time still continues—aggravated no doubt, in part, by the influenza, still more by the debates on treaties of commerce. Few things can be more

thoroughly uninteresting than such treaties, whose details are not even published by the Press, which attract only specialists, and those only in a very fragmentary way, and which as a whole can interest nobody, unless it be the German Emperor. However, the millennium which the enthusiasm of that potentate has led him to predict seems as yet to be a long way off. Various difficulties are arising in connection with certain of the treaties recently concluded. The agitation against that between Germany and Belgium has not come to very much; the meetings to discuss it in Brussels on Saturday and Sunday last came to no precise conclusion. Each trade wanted protection for itself alone, and Antwerp wanted Free Trade for the benefit of its docks. So the treaty will probably be accepted. But there is a decided hitch in the negotiations between Switzerland and Italy, which has tended to stimulate the former nation to make concessions to France; but France seems not to be inclined to meet her, and a war of maximum tariffs is not improbable. With Spain, France is at daggers drawn. The Austrian Reichsrath, on the other hand, has adopted the treaties with Germany, Italy, Switzerland, and Belgium — the Young Czechs and the anti-Semites alone opposing. The Italian Chamber has rejected a proposal of Signor Crispi to limit the duration of the treaty with Germany to six years by 174 to 49; the delegates charged with the negotiation of the Austro-Servian treaty have held their first meeting; and a commercial convention has been signed between Italy and Bulgaria.

On Tuesday the French Chamber was the spectator of a scene more usual in Colonial Parliaments than in those of Europe. M. Laur, the ex-Boulangist, proceeded to interpellate the Government on certain comprehensively outrageous attacks made on M. Constans' moral character by M. Rochefort's paper, the *Intransigeant*. The Government declined further to advertise these attacks. M. Constans, however—who has the fierce blood of the South in his veins, and, according to his own frank account, was "blind with fury"—replied to M. Laur by slapping him twice sharply in the face amid loud applause from the Left and Centre. The sitting was suspended, M. Laur disappeared, and meanwhile one or two other personal encounters occurred. On its resumption M. Constans apologised, and the "previous question" was carried by 438 to 44. M. Constans being a Senator, not a Deputy, and present in the Chamber only under the rule which permits the attendance of Ministers in either House on departmental business, can only be dealt with by prosecution or a duel. M. Laur has challenged M. Constans, and has been refused, and is meditating a prosecution; but the matter will probably not come to much. It is curious that at Carcassonne, a day or two before, the Prefect of the Department had dealt similarly with a noisy member of the Municipal Council, amid the general sympathy of the rest.

The promised Law on Associations just introduced into the French Chamber is intended as a precaution against the religious orders and the Socialists. Societies may be formed for any purpose that is not illegal, immoral, or dangerous to public order; the property they may hold, however, is not to exceed what is suitable to their object; they are to be dissolved if directed by foreigners or affiliated to foreign societies; they can only obtain legal personality by a special law. The Government, too, will have considerable powers of surveillance.

The Senate has at last finished the discussion of this year's Budget. The Chamber has been discussing a proposal to suspend for six months the dramatic censorship—the severe sentence on M. Chirac, who dramatised unspeakable (and extremely dull) police cases, and was requited with fifteen months' imprisonment, having indicated a substitute for the censorial veto.

The "Franco-Bulgarian incident" is settled. The only question under discussion this week has been the exact wording of the apology to be made by Bulgaria, and France is now satisfied.

A division of the French evolutionary squadron is to be permanently stationed to defend French interests in the Levant, which will doubtless give rise to numerous *canards* in their season.

It is stated that the chief German army manœuvres this year will take place in Alsace, between Diedenhofen and Saarburg. Three army corps will be engaged, including some Bavarian troops and a division of Prussian Landwehr. The Emperor himself will conduct them.

The new Prussian school law puts religious education under the direction of the Churches, secures it for the children of atheists, and, on the whole, transfers the control of the internal discipline of the elementary schools from the representatives of the municipality to the clergy. It will be vigorously opposed both by the Social Democrats and the Liberals; but it is demanded by the Catholic Centre as the price of their support. The promised Bill dealing with the "social evil" is now before the Federal Council.

Count Limburg Stirum's action has been formally approved by his party. Possibly this may modify the anger of the Government.

After two or three days of anxiety a non-political "business Ministry" has been formed in Portugal. The resignation of Señor Carvalho, the Minister of Finance and Director of the Royal Portuguese Railway—in the management of which grave scandals have occurred, and to which, though with no corrupt intention, he had advanced Government money unknown to his colleagues, entailed their resignation, as they were unable to replace him. A Liberal, a Conservative, and a Coalition Ministry having all been found impracticable, the present non-political Cabinet has been formed. It proposes most drastic measures of financial reform—the collection of long-standing arrears of income tax, the reduction of all salaries over £100 a year, and the like, and possibly the reduction of interest on the debt. The King has requested that the reduction may first be applied to the Civil List.

Great distress is said to exist in Poland. So many troops have been stationed in the country, partly to avoid the famine elsewhere, that a serious scarcity has been produced; and they are now said to be suffering from typhus. Some cases of brigandage among the peasants are reported. It has been repeatedly asserted that the Governor of Warsaw, General Gourko—whose exploits as a child-flogger were chronicled in our columns some months ago—was to be recalled for having reported incorrectly as to the state of the country; but the statement is now denied.

Hungary is the only country of Europe which possesses open voting, and where the electoral methods are practised on a large scale which were familiar early in this century in England. The General Election will take place next week. Rioting and bloodshed have already occurred in several places.

The Swiss Government proposes to complete the defence of its Southern frontier by the fortification of the Rhone valley.

The disturbances round Tangier seem to be subsiding. Not so the rebellion in Yemen, in spite of official denials from Constantinople, nor the agitation in Persia.

The telegrams from Argentina are brief, and seriously need elucidation. It would seem, however, that a fresh "candidate of conciliation" for the Presidency is suggested, Señor Aristobulo del Valle, one of the leaders of the revolution of 1890.

All this week there have been alarmist rumours about the impending difficulty between the United States and Chili. Warlike preparations have continued in the former country and depressed the Stock Exchange. War would doubtless give some temporary advantage to the Republicans in the electoral campaign—it would put back tariff issues;

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for instance. But for that reason it would be violently opposed by the Democratic majority in the House, and a peaceable solution is probable. The Balmacedist refugees have been taken to Callao by the United States gunboat *Yorktown*. Some excitement has been caused by a report that some were aboard the mail steamer *John Elder*, wrecked this week on the southern part of the Chilian coast on her voyage to England. All the passengers were saved. If so, the refugees may meet a worse fate than shipwreck.

## "FRANCE, ENGLAND, AND EGYPT."

UNDER the above heading, Admiral Maxse has been criticising my article, "Egypt—Now, and After?" which appeared in THE SPEAKER. Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice had previously named it in an able memorandum on Foreign Affairs, in which he laid down a policy from which I at some points differ, but enforced it in a manner thoroughly deserving the consideration of all of us. To those who do not know Admiral Maxse, his references to some divergence and more supposed disparity of views between Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice and myself might almost bear the aspect of an attempt to make mischief between two politicians who do not share the whole of the Admiral's opinions.

I did not understand Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice to suggest that I had made myself the mouthpiece of M. de Freycinet on the Egyptian question, but to accept the statement which I made at the beginning of the article. Your readers may remember that it was my object in your pages to show by quotation that Lord Salisbury's position upon the Egyptian question was the same as that for stating which first Mr. Morley and then Mr. Gladstone had been attacked. But, while I proved that Lord Salisbury had promised speedily to terminate the occupation which he had pronounced to be, even could it be continued, a burden to this country, I admitted that it would be difficult for the Liberal party to bring about the evacuation unless they obtained from France the promise which M. de Freycinet had twice given to Lord Salisbury. So strongly did I feel this to be the case that, after writing the body of the article, which was based wholly upon our Command Papers, I caused inquiry to be made of those authorised to express French official opinion whether the policy of France remained unchanged, and if the assurances which had been given to Lord Salisbury would now be renewed. The answer being in the affirmative, it became worth while to discuss the Egyptian question, and it was for this reason that I put this matter in the forefront of the article.

Admiral Maxse, after defending me from an imaginary onslaught by a friend from whom I need no defence, went on himself to suggest that I had undertaken the brief of a foreign Government upon a question whereon it is opposed to our own. I had neither held this brief nor seen reason to believe that there was or is any such difference of opinion between the Governments. Lord Salisbury's declarations of his views in every official document are sufficiently in accord with the views of France, as supplemented by the concessions offered by France in 1887, to make the conclusion of an agreement easy. It was my object to point out and to prove this fact, and to argue that the first duty of Lord Rosebery when he takes office after the General Election must be to resume negotiations at the point at which they ceased, without ever being "broken off."

Admiral Maxse ridiculously pretends that in your pages I made to France the "treacherous" suggestion that she should send troops to Port Said, well knowing that what I did was to point incidentally, among the dangers of the occupation, to an obvious fact which doubtless constitutes one of those reasons which make Lord Salisbury declare the occupation a heavy burden to us. Some have tried to find, indeed, in Lord Salisbury's words a mere allusion to the military drain of keeping troops in Egypt. But it is obvious in all cases from the context of the passages which I quoted that he alludes to dangers in peace and weakness in time of war.

I have no concern with Admiral Maxse's puff of M. Ribot at the expense of M. de Freycinet. My concern is solely with the pledged honour and the interest of our own country, which in this case happily concur. The British protectorate over Egypt, which Admiral Maxse imagines to exist, has been expressly disavowed by Lord Salisbury in the strongest terms, as being contrary both to our interests and to our word. Some Conservative journals have, indeed, called Lord Salisbury's repeated assurances "diplomatic jugglery." I prefer to believe them.

Admiral Maxse appears to think that my views in favour of evacuation have been recently formed. They are, however, the same which I have all along expressed since the Tel el Kebir expedition; as for example in my books, "The Present Position of European Politics," "The British Army," and "Problems of Greater Britain." There was a time, before the invention of the condominium with France by Lord Derby, when I held a different view; but it was not only formed under circumstances very different from those which have now existed for fourteen years, but also at a time when I had not given special consideration to our probable military and naval position in the event of war.

CHARLES W. DILKE.

## THE MANAGEMENT AND CONTROL OF AFRICAN EXPEDITIONS.

EVERY great movement produces a minor reaction in the minds of men, just as a great river rushing impetuously along its course creates tiny backwaters along the edges of its flow by contact with little obstacles occasionally jutting out from its banks. In this way the strong tendency which has set in towards the exploration and utilisation of Africa has naturally created some dissentients, if only among those original minds who, at any cost of inconsistency and unreason, will dissever themselves from thinking and speaking with the majority. Consequently, a few men of the day like Mr. Henry Labouchere, Professor Dicey, and others of less note, have endeavoured to show that tropical Africa is worthless, and that all attempts to turn it to the profit of Europeans or to benefit its indigenous inhabitants are futile, and even morally wrong, because they may involve a waste of money and men's lives and yield no lawful or profitable return.

Just in the same way, no doubt, if I had the chance of searching through old folios in the British Museum Library, I should find that there were forgotten worthies who in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries recorded their protest against the stupidity of seeking new lands across the Atlantic Ocean, and the impossibility of doing any good by opening up the American Continent. There have not been wanting even a few fanatics in past decades of this century who protested that we had no right to go to India, and had better withdraw from meddling with the affairs of that peninsula. The policy of non-intervention, in fact, in countries beyond the coasts of Britain was an argument peculiarly favoured by some of our leading politicians during the "sixties" and "seventies."

Of course, if these gentlemen are right, the ills and inconvenience which may be temporarily caused by journeys of exploration in Africa are quite inexcusable. If we have no right to go to Africa, or, setting aside questions of right, if there is no practical utility in the exploration of that little-known continent, then the sickness, deaths, wrong-doing, great expenditure of money, fuss, and trouble which

have usually (though not of necessity) been occasioned by African expeditions conducted by Europeans, cannot be defended on the score of good coming out of evil. If, however, as I believe, it is both our duty and our right to develop and exploit the neglected Continent of Africa for the increase of our knowledge, the profit of our commerce, the ultimate good of its miserable inhabitants, then the friction which attends all pioneering expeditions more or less, though to be regretted and, as far as possible, avoided, is yet to be regarded with a certain amount of leniency as a consequence of our erring human nature. One thing is very clear, that if Great Britain retires from the task of developing her share of Africa, other European nations will not be affected by the same overdelicate sentiments, and will oust from that continent our influence and our trade; while they will, perhaps, be even less just and considerate than we ordinarily are in their treatment of the native races. That the majority, however, of our thinking, and still more of our acting, countrymen believe in the opening up of Africa, is evident from the large amount of capital which they have poured into various parts of this continent, and by the resolution of the nation at large, and of the leaders of Her Majesty's Opposition, to support the present Ministry in its energetic policy of maintaining British interests in Africa.

Presuming, therefore, that in the present and future expeditions for the exploration of Africa must take place as in the past, I venture to offer, as one who has travelled frequently through Negroland, a few suggestions as to the method in which these expeditions may be conducted with the greatest possible regard for individual liberty and the rights of man, and yet with successful and happy results.

Under the present conditions of travel in uncivilised Africa, more especially in that larger portion of the continent wherein, owing to various causes, human carriers are the only means of transport, and where all the goods of the expedition must be borne along on men's heads or shoulders, an exploring expedition under the conduct of Europeans requires to some extent to be governed by the same laws and necessities as the constitution and progress of a body of soldiers or a ship at sea. The fact is that in nearly every walk of life there must be someone to lead and many who voluntarily agree to follow and obey, otherwise all progress is at an end. Unless their component items were compelled to submit themselves (as part of their contract) to the necessities of discipline and organisation, and to obey the commands of their superior officers, armies and navies would cease to exist and schools would be broken up in disorder. In the same way, if the porters of an African caravan will not implicitly obey the reasonable commands of their European leader, the result will probably be disastrous to both leader and followers. If in passing through a country of suspicious hostile savages, naturally distrustful of strangers and on the alert to destroy them, the men of the caravan obey every order given by their experienced leader, keep compactly together, turn neither to the right nor to the left, heed neither empty menaces nor mocking insults they will probably emerge from the ticklish situation unattacked and without the stigma on them of having shed blood; but if, on the other hand, they lose all sense of discipline, cease to yield prompt obedience to their officers' orders, straggle, desert, loot, or squabble among themselves, then the whole expedition will be at the mercy of its watchful foes and be destroyed in detail. Or a waterless tract may have to be crossed on the line of march. The leader thinks over the difficult problem of how this is to be done with the least danger and distress to his men. He decides that so many miles must be marched in the early morning and so many in the cool hours of the night; that each carrier must charge himself with such and such a supply of reserve water before starting, and only drink the quantity served out to him by authority. Unless all these commands—issued solely in the interest of the caravan at large—are scrupulously obeyed, disaster may overtake the disorganised band in the desert, and many may die of thirst, sunstroke, and exhaustion. As in a journey across Greenland, as in a naval engagement, as in the perfect presentation of a play, or the rendering of an oratorio, the fighting of a battle, the building of a temple, so, in an expedition to explore uncivilised tropical Africa, one will must be supreme over the many heads and hands it directs if success is to crown the undertaking, and the success is to be obtained with the least expenditure of life and money commensurate with the grandeur of the task.

Before setting out on an expedition to a wild and difficult part of Africa, which necessitates the enrolment of a large body of men—black, brown, or white, as the case may be, probably black—the leader or commander, in contracting for the services and co-operation of these men, should make it as clearly understood that implicit obedience of orders is required of them as do the authorities in our army and navy before they take recruits into Her Majesty's services. And in return for this voluntary surrender of their wills, these carriers, guards, and other employés engaged on this difficult and dangerous task, should obtain corresponding and compensating advantages of pay and rations, and the magistrate or consular official, before whom they are engaged by the would-be explorer, should satisfy himself that these fair terms are guaranteed before he sanctions the contract.

Once in the lawless interior, where Nature, like man, is defiant and uncontrolled, a reasonable amount of discipline *must* be maintained by the leader of the expedition in the interests of all concerned. This can be done in two ways—just as it is in our army or navy, or in any other organised service—by the fear of punishment and the hope of reward. By "punishment," I do not mean by brutal floggings, or any other kind or shape of cruelty. On the contrary, I utterly disapprove of that manner of coercion, as much with negro porters as with white soldiers or sailors. But there are a great many reasonable methods of enforcing discipline, and coercing men into fulfilment of their contract, to which no reasonable critic can take objection. These are fines, extra loads, hard labour, Livingstone's "few sharp strokes with a cane," bitter sarcastic rebukes with the tongue (which Africans feel very keenly), and, in the case of conduct of an unpardonable kind, expulsion from the expedition. But a firm, quiet manner of addressing his people from the first, a careful consideration before an order is given to be sure that it is not an unreasonable one, patient inquiry into grievances to see if they are real, hearty commendations when good work is done, and a general conviction that the world is pretty much the same all the world over, and that black men and white men have the same faults, failings, likings, and dislikings, and that all possess hidden somewhere in their crooked natures that one vital spark of noble humanity: these qualifications in a leader go farther towards preserving discipline than the kick, the cuff, the oath, and the whip.

It is well, before all things, to be just; never to order a punishment which it is not intended to carry out; and not to spoil the effect of your firmness by a lenient obliteration of fines on the pay-day of the expedition. To avoid the appearance of meanness, or any suggestion of an ulterior mercenary motive, it should be arranged that all these fines deducted from the wages of the bad should form a fund for rewarding the well-behaved with gratuities. Rewards will prove as potent a factor in the inducement of obedience as will the fear of punishment, and both punishment and reward should follow the crime or the good deed as speedily as possible. I have found it a good practice in my journeys to make Sunday (the rest-day) the occasion on which these little recompenses should be given to the

extra-good among my followers. A little tobacco, a new cloth, a few strings of beads, or a tiny present of that description, will delight some huge negro porter immensely, and keep him in a good humour for the whole of the ensuing week; and it acts as a potent incitement to good behaviour on the part of his comrades, if it is only out of a spirit of emulation.

The leader of an African expedition should hedge himself round with a certain amount of dignity, and not make himself "too common." Yet he should be kindly, sympathetic without foolish softness, and merry at seasonable times without buffoonery. Once his followers know that he is determined if necessary to punish acts of wrong-doing promptly, they will cease to act wrongly, and a man who has shown himself firm in the beginning will probably seldom be called upon by subsequent circumstances to display any further show of force.

H. H. Johnston.

## IN TIME OF PLAGUE.

THE suggestion that Parliament should be called upon to deal with the influenza epidemic—put forth in all seriousness by an estimable contemporary—is worthy of the best traditions of Comic Opera. How a Select Committee of the House of Commons—presided over, let us say, by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach—would catch the dreaded microbe, and what it would do with it when caught, are points which could only be fittingly discussed on the stage of the Savoy. Nevertheless, the fact that this absurd proposal has been gravely set forth illustrates one of the dangers of seasons like the present. The panic-monger is abroad, and we shall owe no thanks to him if the trouble through which we are now passing is not seriously intensified. It is lamentable to think of the extent of his influence, and of the ease with which he can work untold mischief. A few hints, a wild story or two, and thousands among us become utterly demoralised and ready to fall the easiest of victims to the dreaded disease. And for the moment everything favours the panic-monger. Day by day "the influenza" and its doings take up no inconsiderable portion of the morning newspapers, whilst the statistics of the Registrar-General continue to tell a grim and grisly tale. The fact, too, that death has struck at a mark so shining as the Heir-Presumptive to the Throne has strengthened the panic-monger's hands immensely. Many a doctor shook his head despondingly when he first heard that the case of the Duke of Clarence was a grave one. And it was not only of the Duke that he was thinking. He knew how serious must be the effect upon his own patients, lying ill of the same disease, of the death of one in whom the whole nation was so deeply interested.

Is it too much to ask the panic-mongers of the press and the pulpit to try to stay their hands and curb their natural impulses? We are passing through a serious season of epidemic, and quite a remarkable number of well-known people have succumbed to the mysterious disease which is assailing us; but surely, remembering what England has had to pass through before, it is not too much to ask that we shall bear the present affliction with something of manly fortitude, and without quite so much jabber about our ailments in the newspapers. The *Times* the other morning took occasion to state that the number of deaths announced in that particular issue of the paper was unprecedentedly large, and that so many of them were due to influenza. Was it really necessary that the sub-editor should have gone out of his way in order to impress this unpleasant fact upon the world? Was a single human creature the better for knowing it? Was it something of which the conductors of the paper were proud, that they should have had to record the deaths of so many of their fellow-creatures? We almost incline to the last-named as the real reason of this piece of journalistic folly. For how, except from some obscure desire on the part of snobs to be in the fashion—even in their dealings with death—can we account for the strange fact that so many people just now in the obituary notices of their friends mention influenza, or one of its sequences, as the cause of death? Apparently if you die in these dark January days of any but "the prevailing complaint" you are as completely "out of it" as though you had never been to a garden party at Marlborough House; and your obituary notice merely mentions the fact of your decease. But die of pneumonia, or of the influenza itself, and your mourning relatives will feel positively grateful to you for allowing them to make due proclamation of the fact in the newspapers. It is laughable and lamentable—this peculiar display of snobbishness, even in the chamber of death. It has its serious side, too; for it surely cannot be good for the poor creatures who are still in the throes of the disease to read the record of so many losses from the very ailment with which they are themselves contending.

We pass by the letters which flood the morning and evening papers written by the people who claim to have a specific for the epidemic. Asafœtida, eucalyptus, quinine, whisky, champagne, "the cold pack"—each particular remedy has its own votaries, and the poor invalid, unless he has the good sense to trust himself absolutely to his doctor, must suffer all the embarrassment due to a too great variety of choice. Our chief wonder in connection with this matter is that the conductors of important newspapers should have no better use for their columns than to fill them with these wildly contradictory assertions by the innumerable members of the tribe of self-advertising quacks. Surely no sane man remembers, three seconds after he has read them, the views and opinions of Mr. Orlando Jones, of Woodbine Cottage, Peckham Rye, on the subject of the influenza, as those views are set forth in the eclectic correspondence columns of the no-longer exclusive *Times*? But all goes to help the panic-monger. Columns of letters; columns of obituary notices; columns of solemn leading articles—is it wonderful that "the influenza" is literally beaten into our minds and imaginations until it becomes impossible to cast it out?

Far be it from our purpose to deny the reality or the gravity of the prevailing epidemic. But if, instead of dwelling upon its merely alarming features, the public mind could be directed to its more reassuring and its nobler side, how excellent would be the result! And happily even the influenza has a reassuring and a nobler side. We may feel reassured when we remember that all past experience has taught us that this dangerous disease exhausts any particular field in which it shows itself within a space of time rarely, if ever, exceeding six weeks. Already there are signs—in the West of London, for example—that the present epidemic has passed its height; and as it dies down, the virulence of its assaults upon its victims diminishes, so that, not merely numerically, but in the percentage of fatal results, it becomes less formidable. Moreover, we know that—unless every recorded precedent is to be belied—the present, or third, visitation during the existing epidemic, will be the last during the lifetime of the present generation. Let us hope that when our children are next called upon to grapple with the disease, they will meet it without any trace of that spirit of panic which has unhappily been shown in some quarters on the present occasion. Of the nobler aspect of the epidemic it is hardly necessary to speak, for there can be few homes in which it has not been visible. This influenza outbreak has been the very Inkermann of epidemics—the common soldiers' battle. Doctors and skilled nurses have done their best; but so hopelessly have they been outnumbered by the cases with which they have had

to deal, that they have had to fall back and leave the struggle to the unskilled. In how many households in London during the past three weeks has the whole organisation been disturbed by the simultaneous illness of husband and wife? Nay, have we not all heard of cases in which not merely husband and wife, but children and servants also, have fallen victims to the plague, and in which the work of nursing a whole household has been left, perhaps, to one young daughter and an under-servant? And how nobly in those cases have the untried and unskilled responded to the call upon them. No Albert Medals or Victoria Crosses will be distributed in connection with the present visitation—but many have been earned. And our doctors, if they chose, could tell us of many a case of self-sacrificing devotion on the part of the poor despised London "slavey," who has suddenly been called upon to stand in the breach and to bear the whole brunt of the onslaught of disease upon an entire household. Henceforth there will be many who will think better than they ever did before of the domestic servants of London—and with good reason. It is surely pleasanter as well as more manly to dwell upon these features of the present illness than to join the panic-mongers in clamouring for new "Forms of Prayer," as though the world had never before been called upon to wrestle with a plague, or in demanding that Parliament should forthwith interpose, and by some special Act "put down the influenza."

## THE PICTURESQUENESS OF THE CHURCH OF ROME.

LIVING as we do in somewhat spectacular times, when men love a fine show either on the stage or off—if, indeed, anything can be said to be off the stage—and when a pageant is sure to attract a degree of attention and win an amount of applause which would doubtless have been much better bestowed upon realities, we cannot afford to overlook the charm of picturesqueness or deny that whilst the Church of Rome possesses it, the Church of England does not.

We are not amongst those who are frightened by the Holy Father—"the old man saying Mass over the tomb of the Apostles," as he was once described with that particularity of phrase Dr. Newman so wisely loved, and certainly we are free—no men more so—from any sneaking sympathy with the outrageous pretensions of the Bishops of Rome. We count ourselves as good Protestants as Mr. Froude, though, as we have never flirted with the Scarlet Lady, we are necessarily strangers to that particular kind of hatred which is the posthumous child of Love. For us it is enough to feel that we can have no part or lot with the Church which burnt Jean de Caturce and Étienne Dolet, and which broke Calas upon the wheel. If we are driven to it, we must own our preference for the "sleepless humanity" of Voltaire to the burning zeal of the Sons of the Church in or out of Holy Orders.

It is therefore with an untroubled mind that we admit that the old and happily abandoned religion still preserves, and preserves alone, the charm of picturesqueness. Dr. Benson, Mr. Spurgeon, General Booth, the Moderators of the Scotch Churches, are active, and in some sense impressive, figures, but picturesque they are not. Perhaps they would not care to be.

In praise of the Anglican Church much can be said by any unprejudiced person. Sir FitzJames Stephen concluded the peroration to his learned and ever-interesting defence of Dr. Williams, of "Essays and Reviews" renown, in a passage full of true emotion and deep conviction, in which he apostrophised "the learning of the most learned, the freedom of the freest, and the reason of the most rational Church in the world." What moved an orator usually impassive to so fervent an utterance was, we may be certain, the conviction that the Church he was so judiciously praising was one which under no imaginable circumstances could make up its mind to burn him. Towards what other Church could he have extended the like confidence! We are not an ungrateful people, and it is one of the notes of our present Establishment that it finds its warmest supporters amongst those who do not believe a word of her theology, and but rarely partake of her Sacraments.

But whatever else the Anglican Church may be, picturesque she is not. Her ecclesiastics, her services, her out-door life, her feasts and festivals, her fasts and humiliations, play as little part in men's lives as the well-nigh forgotten pomp and circumstance of Royalty. Our Church, like her Supreme Head, keeps a widowed state. The place lately occupied in the public eye by that eminent Dissenter, Cardinal Manning, might fairly startle us. The representative of an unpopular creed, this distinguished person contrived to win for himself, and consequently for his Church, universal recognition, not merely as a man but as an ecclesiastic. He went everywhere, and wherever he went it was as a priest of Rome. Englishmen, despite their phlegm, love a sight, and the Cardinal-Archbishop was a brave one. Tens of thousands of honest folk learnt to love to see him dressed and undressed before the altar; to watch his movements and his signs, and to listen to the impressive tones in which he was accustomed to claim on behalf of his Church to be the eternal and living witness of the miraculous events recorded in Holy Writ and rudely questioned by the carnal intellect. A few angry Anglicans, jealous of their own order, occasionally grumbled at the precedence given to this pertinacious prelate, and longed to treat him with the insolence they have always been left free to bestow upon the ordinary Nonconformist; but their malice proved powerless. The Cardinal was too picturesque for them.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that no ecclesiastic has filled such a place in men's imaginations since the Reformation. The present Bishop of London is an unusually well-known, if not particularly polite, prelate, but for one Londoner who knows his name a thousand could be produced who do not, but who did know Manning's. The whole Bench of Anglican Bishops, from Canterbury to Sodor and Man, might have succumbed to the prevailing epidemic without exciting so much genuine interest as was occasioned by the death of the quondam Archdeacon of Chichester.

Shall we ever see an Archbishop of Canterbury occupying a like position? Why should he not? His is a proud title, his office has all the signs and tokens of great place. His choice of vestments is now very considerable, and he can light almost as many candles as he chooses upon his altar. As for doctrine, this is not a doctrinal age. And yet it is hard to believe that the Church of England can ever compete with the Church of Rome in this particular of picturesqueness. The lion and the unicorn seem to have knocked all the pageantry out of her. Are the Anti-Erastians right, and must we attribute the maimed—or at least the pollarded—condition of our English prelates to the facts that they are the nominees of the Prime Minister and that their clothes are cut for them by laymen in the Privy Council?

In the matter of religion, excommunication counts. We have not been boycotted altogether in vain. Our Anglican divines have much to say for themselves, and honestly believe that it is Rome, not they, who are the aggressors; but then nobody else thinks so. When Mr. William Palmer, of Magdalen, in 1840 visited Russia, armed with a missive signed by Dr. Routh—all he could get in the way of a credential—in the hope of persuading the Metropolitan of Moscow and other authorities of the Eastern Church to recognise his Anglican orders and

admit that the Church of England was, within England, a living member of the Church One and Indivisible, he was met with the same provoking smile as would illuminate the features of a respectable family solicitor were the policeman at the corner of his street to come into his office and gravely assure him that he (the policeman) was the true Duke of Devonshire. Poor Mr. Palmer could not stand this long, and in 1855 joined the Romish Communion. To be for ever a claimant to possess titles not generally recognised is a severe test, and one apt to ruffle the temper and disturb the equilibrium of the mind. It is difficult to get up a show whilst engaged in litigation.

Perhaps our most successful prelates are men like Dr. Ryle of Liverpool, and the new Bishop of Sodor and Man, who have no misgivings, but boldly date from the Reformation, and thank God they at all events had nothing to do with the suppression of Wycliffe or the Act *de Hæretico comburendo*.

Our prelates are hard-working officials who spend the whole of their large incomes in the discharge of their duties. The old race of divine who pestered Prime Ministers for preferment, and of whom we read in Stanhope's "Life of Pitt," died out, we hope and believe, with Samuel Wilberforce. The old dissenting sneer that he who desires the office of a Bishop desires a good thing has lost all its disagreeable force. A pet Noncomformist minister with a £1,000 or £1,500 a year is better off nowadays than a Bishop of London or of Winchester. These modern virtues, however, are not decorative.

It may well be that John Bull, however fond he is of gaping at a Cardinal in his gala-clothes, would not tolerate picturesqueness in his own prelates. A Roman Cardinal is one thing, he might say, and an Archbishop of Canterbury quite another; and so we stumble once more over the old controversy, which Macaulay ignored so completely when he included amongst the events of the reign of Queen Elizabeth "the foundation of the Church of England."

But, after all, we must be careful lest we deceive ourselves. Manning had a genius for the picturesque, and we are writing whilst his glamour, the consecration and the prelate's dream, are still over us. His successor may prove as humdrum a figure as ever did his best by woefully defective articulation to murder "our incomparable Liturgy."

## THE DUKES OF TECK.

"ATTEMPTO" was the motto chosen by Eberhart, the first Duke of Würtemberg and Teck. The secret of the marvellous success of the family was that it always knew what to attempt, and when to make an attempt. It was a family of unusually shrewd men, but also of something better than shrewdness, of high integrity. Moreover, it was just that Swabian family which knew what not to attempt, which brought it to the forefront, where another and a far greater Swabian family—the Hohenstaufen—failed and became exterminated because always attempting to reach splendid achievements that were beyond their reach.

The Würtembergers began in a small way, as country gentlemen, at Beutelsbach in the Remsthal, and then one of them built himself a castle at Würtemberg, near Cannstadt, but Beutelsbach remained the family burying-place. We know nothing more of the origin of the stock than that there was a Conrad at Beutelsbach in 1080, and no consecutive pedigree can be traced till we reach the beginning of the thirteenth century. Long before that these country gentlemen had become counts, but they made no mark on history, and were counts of a very small county. But no sooner do we reach the thirteenth century than the entire condition of the family changes. By marriage with heiresses they enlarged their estates and influence, and it was from one of the heiresses that the stag's horns came into the Würtemberg arms.

Ulrich with the Broad Thumb is also called "The Founder" (1247-65), for it was with him that the House of Würtemberg stepped upon the stage of history, and showed itself to be a power.

From the Swabian volcanic peak of Hohenstaufen had gone forth the adventurous house that wore the Imperial crown, and with it the crown of Sicily and the ducal coronet of Swabia. It was engaged in desperate conflict with the Papal power. The Hohenstaufen were Antichrist, the Red Dragon; were excommunicated, their vassals released from fealty, vows sworn to them annulled because they would measure arms with the Papacy for the mastery of Italy. The last blood of the Hohenstaufen was shed when, in 1268, the gallant Conradin was executed by Charles of Anjou at Naples. Upon the ruins of the Dukedom of Swabia rose the shadowy Duchy of Teck, so named from a conical height, castle-crowned, very similar to Hohenstaufen, and in the same Swabian mountain region. There had been, indeed, a Duke of Teck since the closing years of the twelfth century, and the Teck house held to the Hohenstaufen. For a while, after the extinction of this latter house, it seemed likely to fill the gap, to step forward as the head of the great Swabian race. But this family of Teck, a branch of the Zähringen family, had neither the abilities, nor the energy, nor the luck. They were ever looking out for situations abroad. One became a Governor of Monza, another of Tyrol, another a Bishop of Strassburg; they had the faculty of letting slip every chance of doing well that presented itself, and when the family came to an end in a Bishop of Aquileia, who died at Basle in 1439—whither he had gone to complain before the Council that the Venetians would not suffer him to enter his see or draw its revenues—not an acre of the old Duchy was found remaining. All had been parted with, even to the ancestral castle, and all sold to the Counts of Würtemberg.

The Duchy of Teck, it is true, was very small. It consisted of one Alpine valley and a tract of bare Alpine plateau, and the lowland as far as to where the one river that watered the valley fell into the Neckar, but it was large compared to the original heritage of the Würtembergers. But the Zähringen Tecks sought their fortunes from home, the Würtembergers at home, and the result was that as the Tecks declined the Würtembergers mounted. They deserved it. The very titles given to the Counts by the people show what manner of men they were. One was "The Gentle," another "The Well-beloved," another "The Illustrious." The very worst that could be said of another was that he was "A Grumbler." Long before Eberhart assumed the maxim "Attempto" they aimed high, but never at the impossible. They might have been princes long before Duke Eberhart, but, "No," said one, "better be a great count than a little prince."

The most conspicuous figure in the whole gallery was Eberhart with the Beard (1457-82), a man of remarkable integrity, justice, and kindliness. He was a man who saw further politically than any of his age. He took as his badge the palm tree, partly because he made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, but also because of the verse in the psalm that promises that the just shall flourish as the palm tree. And he was resolved to do what lay in his power to so root his dynasty in good ground that it should remain ever green. His task was not an easy one. By his wife, Barbara of Mantua—"a good woman who could eat bacon and beans like a peasant"—he had no issue. His brother was insane, and his nephew a ne'er-do-weel. It is of this Eberhart that the ballad tells how when, at a feast of the princes of Germany, each boasted of his own principality: Austria of the stately Danube; the Palatine of his vines; Saxony of the ores in his mountains; Count Eberhart said—"Of my land I can say but this: There is not a Swabian shepherd

in it on whose lap when weary I could not lay my head in sleep, knowing he would protect me to the last drop of his blood." And this is the subject of a beautiful group of statuary in the palace-garden at Stuttgart.

There is a delightful contemporary portrait of this Eberhart in the castle at Urach. It reminds one of Longfellow's lines on Hans Sachs:—

> "An old man grey and dove-like, with his great beard white and long."

He it was whom, entirely unsolicited, Maximilian created Duke of Würtemberg and of Teck, in 1496, at Worms, and authorised him thenceforth to bear the arms of Teck along with Würtemberg. He also conferred on him and his successors male in tail the office of Hereditary Banner-bearer to the Holy Roman Empire.

As already said, Eberhart had a difficult task to accomplish in securing the well-being of his people after he was removed, and also of his own house. The family of Teck, on whose lands, castles, and titles he had entered, had gone to pieces in part by division of estates among all the children. Eberhart introduced the right of primogeniture and the inseparable unity of all the Würtemberg possessions. That was in the interest of his family, to secure it against the fate of the first Teck family. Next he drew up his Will with great care, bequeathing, indeed, the duchies of Würtemberg and Teck to his good-for-nothing nephew, but so hampering him and his successors with constitutional checks that any serious misconduct such as would do injury to the country and people would lead to his deposition.

And, in fact, his nephew was thus deposed by the Estates of the duchy for transgressing the provisions of the Will two years after the death of Eberhart with the Beard.

By virtue of this remarkable Will, Würtemberg and Teck enjoyed for three hundred years a constitution more liberal than any other German principality.

The provisions of the Will were ratified in the Capitulation of Tübingen in 1514, and every duke on assuming the reins of government was required to swear to observe the Capitulation, which was the Magna Charta of the land.

At Kirchheim on the Lauter was the ancient capital of the Dukes of Teck, a walled town, where they had a palace and their mint. But they had been constrained to part with half of it to the Counts of Würtemberg for some ready-money to be spent in Italy in 1359, and to bind themselves not to part with the other half to any other purchaser. Twenty years later the other half went in the same way, also the Castle of Teck itself; and in 1385 every particle of the ancestral property had been annexed to the estates of the Counts of Würtemberg, who had long occupied the parallel valley of Urach and the castle commanding it. The old eagle-nest on the sugar-loaf of Teck was burnt by the insurgent peasantry in the Peasants' War in 1525, when castles flamed throughout Swabia and the Black Forest. It was never rebuilt, but the palace at Kirchheim was reconstructed and enlarged. The Dukes do not, however, seem to have visited it much. Their palace at Urach was but ten or twelve miles' distance. The Castle of Teck crowns, as already said, a sugar-loaf, and it is a sugar-loaf of Jura limestone buttressed up by basalt. It commands an extensive view—Esslingen is visible from it, and the heights above Stuttgart. The peak of Hohenstaufen is within the range of sight. To the south the entire horizon is occupied by the mountain plateau of the Rauhe Alb, that inclines to the Danube, which washes its base. It is a bald and dreary region; but the valley below Teck, with its many ruined castles once occupied by the feudal servants of the Dukes, is laughing with richness. Immediately below the mountain and castle is the little town of Owen, in the church of which is the sepulchre of the first Dukes of Teck, with a simple boldly sculptured heraldic monument above it representing the Teck arms (lozengy, sable and or), and the crest (a parrot's head clothed in the livery of the coat). The crest was afterwards changed, and the parrot gave way to a dog.

The crest of the Würtembergers has gone through several alterations. At one time they wore on their helmet a basket of green rushes and leaves. This was due to their having inherited the county of Gröningen. Then they changed it slightly; they kept the basket, but filled it with peacocks' feathers. Lastly, they assumed the red bugle mounted in gold that has remained their crest ever since. Nevertheless, an addition was made also to that. Probably it was thought that some reminiscence of the earlier crest should be preserved, so three feathers were stuck in the mouth of the bugle; but the feathers were now converted into ostrich-plumes, these plumes supplanting the peacock-feathers, as these latter had taken the place of the fresh green leaves.

The Dukes of Würtemberg remained Dukes of Teck, quartering the lozenges of Teck with the stags' horns of Würtemberg till 1805, when Frederick I., Duke of Würtemberg and Teck, was created King of Würtemberg by Napoleon, whereupon the Royal arms were completely changed—the Würtemberg stags' horns thenceforth empaled the Hohenstaufen lions. There is no Hohenstaufen blood in the family, but the Counts of Würtemberg obtained the lands and seat of the Hohenstaufens as well as the land and seat of the Tecks. The Teck quartering was abandoned. The next brother to Frederick, first king, was Louis, hardly two years his junior. By his wife, Henriette, daughter of Prince Charles of Nassau-Weilburg, he left a son, Alexander, who entered the Austrian service and married the Countess Claudine of Rheday. The title of Duke of Teck was granted in 1863 to his eldest son, the present Duke, whose sisters were at the same time created Princesses of Teck.

## THE MODERN SERMON.

IN discussing the academic efficiency or inefficiency of what is surely the most classical pulpit in England (St. Mary's, Oxford), our sober and judicious contemporary, the *Guardian*, said the other week: "We doubt if we could secure fifteen or seventeen good preachers to whom undergraduates would crowd to hear." The authority is trustworthy, and as much above suspicion as Cæsar's wife ought to have been; and so the statement, which could not be doubted, rather bewildered. Either undergraduates are so dainty and elect, or so highly sensitive and critical, or so dense and sermon-proof as to be of another race and quality than ordinary folk, or there is a bad look-out for the pulpit and people of England. Whittaker tells us, and it would be profanity to doubt him, that the clergy of every class, attached and unattached, from the archbishops to the curates, "number above 23,000"; and out of these 23,000 whose function it is to preach, only some "fifteen or seventeen" are good enough to draw the undergraduate. Well, good sirs, if those best qualified to judge so speak, what is the inference? Either in the power to preach the poverty of the clergy is simply bottomless, or the undergraduate is a creature of such infinite delicacy of spiritual appetite that it is hardly possible he should ever be or become sound and well. Yet, when we think of it, the people who are to be pitied are those who have to hear the 22,983 parsons who are unfit for St. Mary's during term. Undergraduates won't go there—or, indeed, anywhere—unless they can hear a preacher to their mind; but then the millions who are ministered to by the 22,983 have rarely such happy freedom. They must grin and bear what they have or go without, which is often a less possible, though it would be a more agreeable, thing to do.

But surely there is more of the stuff out of which

preachers are made than is implied in this melancholy judgment. If we consider the numbers of the clergy and ministers of churches, chapels, and mission rooms, and of services held in them, there cannot be fewer than 100,000 sermons preached in England every Sunday. We take our pleasures sadly, but immense as is our power to be dismal in religion we could not hear these floods of speech unless we got some good from it. That the good is infinitesimal compared with what it might be, and, indeed, ought to be, is true, but there must be good all the same. It makes one giddy to think what the result would be were each of these 100,000 all that a sermon ought to be. In the abstract it looks as if we had here a series of batteries charged with irresistible religious forces. Were they so discharged as to be converted into intellectual conviction, moral motive, spiritual passion and reverence, the quality of English men and the state of English society would be something very different from what it is. The living voice has always been more potent to persuade than the printed page; it is easier to move people in masses than to persuade men in detail. The themes the preacher deals with are the most sublime and awful yet the most attractive and winsome that can appeal to the imagination, yet to make the preacher seems the very hardest of tasks—unless, indeed, it be not harder for the preacher to make the sermon. Possibly the proportion of eloquent barristers is even smaller than the proportion of eloquent parsons. The number of men who have the power to persuade an English jury is very small, so small that enumeration might seem satire; yet were the same jury to be every week harangued by the same counsel, though he were the most eminent at the Bar, they would soon feel as if they had had enough of him. And so, though the theme of the preacher is the grandest possible, yet he, as a rule, remains the same; his speech, his modes of thought, his manners, all tend to become to his habitual hearers monotonous, and to become monotonous is to lose the ability to convince. It is easier to explain the inefficiency of the pulpit than to be satisfied either with the explanation or with the fact. One only sees that were the best possible the simply actual, then the dreams of a golden age would be more than fulfilled.

But while we have been thus moralising, several volumes of sermons have been soliciting attention. Taken as a whole the collection is encouraging, though in two of the cases we have to mourn that the voices are voices we shall hear no more. The dead who yet speak must be honoured before the living. The sermons by the late Archbishop Magee—"Growth in Grace, and other sermons" (London: Isbister)—are fine examples of his peculiar power—straightforward, manly, eloquent, the sound speech of a sound man, without a false ring in a single sentence. What may be called the apologetic sermons are not his best; the more practical they are the better. His grandfather, an archbishop too, was a noted controversialist: he struck straight and strong, and though his arguments and illustrations and scholarship are all as effete and ineffective as the old flint-lock muskets, yet the racy vigour of his polemic makes his book in parts readable even to-day. But the peculiar strength of the late archbishop was his power of direct speech, his courage in rebuke, his large idea of the Church, his keen insight into the relation between belief and conduct, his strong faith in the possibility of making the actual state of man correspond to the ideal of his religion. One cannot help feeling in reading especially his later sermons what a loss happened to his Church when Archbishop Magee died. Here are a few sentences from a fine sermon on "St. Paul on Socialism":—

"Perilous as party strife may sometimes prove to the welfare of a community, its perils are nothing to those of social warfare. The one may be, and often is, nothing more than the petty squabbles of party politicians in their ignoble strife for place and power; mere passing disturbances, which do not greatly move the deep current of a nation's life, which flows its way, unheeding the shouts and gesticulations of the hostile armies that line its banks. The other stirs it to its very depths. It swells its waters with a sudden flood, slowly gathered from many an unseen source, sweeping down at last in a rushing, roaring torrent, spreading destruction all along its course, until its turbid waters have cloven for themselves some new bed, and left the old one where they once flowed so peacefully a desolate and storm-swept ruin" (p. 208).

"Whenever the House of Have finds itself in a sudden sharp encounter with its old hereditary foe, the House of Want; whenever the old contrast breaks sharply out between wealth and ease, and poverty and toil, between the high culture of civilisation and the worse than natural savagery that seems to fringe all high civilisation, as the dark moraine fringes the course of the clear and polished glacier, then it is that brave men fear and wise men are perplexed, and all who love their country look around for counsel and for help to heal this 'schism in the body,' which, if not healed, must end in death" (p. 209).

"No! you cannot enforce the precepts of the Gospel by legal enactments. You cannot translate into Acts of Parliament the ideal teachings of the Sermon on the Mount. You may link together, perhaps, scraps of precepts borrowed by you from the Book which you tell us is a dead imposition, and you may knit them one to another by closest mechanical union in your new social system. But your great army of dry bones will never stand upon its feet and walk, for no breath of Heaven will ever bid these dry bones live. And so you will at last discover that to say, 'Be my brother, or I will kill you,' is not quite so powerful as that old despised one you would have us discard—'Be thou my brother for the sake of the Father who created and the Christ who redeemed us both.' Believe us, you may succeed in destroying the brotherhood of love—you will never replace it by a brotherhood of law."

Very great is the contrast offered by the "Village Sermons" of the late Dean Church (London: Macmillan). Yet they are admirable of their kind, simple in word, yet refined in feeling; intimate and affectionate, yet elevated and ennobling, touching the common things of his people and parish, yet throwing on the commonest the light that never was on sea or shore. The gentle homeliness, the dignified familiarity, the kinship with the people, yet the aloofness from all that is little and mean, make these model "Village Sermons." Happy the people who heard them; still happier the man who could so interpret to his people the faith by which he lived.

The three volumes of the "Preachers of the Age" (London: Sampson Low) deserve a cordial welcome. They are well printed, and are excellent examples of most dissimilar pulpit styles. The Archbishop of Canterbury is in almost every respect a contrast to the late Archbishop of York. He is indirect, not always explicit, seems to fail in continuity, yet his sermons have a certain air of distinction about them. Their character is a thing of atmosphere rather than of substance. They have less humanity than Magee's, but they are more ecclesiastical. Sentiment is a greater power with Canterbury, conscience was a greater power with York. Yet some of the sermons in the volume entitled "Living Theology" are touched to very fine issues. We have been specially moved by one preached before the Church Congress on "Powerful Rich and Powerful Poor," made, perhaps, the more impressive by its dealing with one of Comte's doctrines of social progress, though, of course, from the point of view of Christian duty and responsibility. One of the most attractive features in the archbishop's work is the felicity of his quotations, not always from obvious or familiar sources, yet always pat and striking, as when he gives the old Puritan's dictum: "The soul of religion is the practik part."

Dr. Maclaren's sermons ("The Conquering Christ," etc.) are of another but no less characteristic order; doctrinal yet practical, full of literary feeling and suppressed spiritual passion, evangelical without being narrow, moral without ceasing to be evangelical; sermons no man could hear without profit, and every man may read with advantage. Nonconformity still knows how to rear and appreciate preachers.

The Bishop of Derry is an eloquent man, but his sermons ("Verbum Crucis:" being ten sermons on the mystery and the words of the Cross, to which are added some other sermons preached on public occasions. By William Alexander, D.D., D.C.L.) are thinner and more verbose than those of the other two in the same series.

The sermons ("The Word of the Lord upon the Waters," sermons read by His Imperial Majesty

the Emperor of Germany, while at sea on his voyage to the Land of the Midnight Sun. London: William Heinemann. 1892) delivered, though not composed, by the Emperor of Germany, are remarkable only as standards for measuring the Imperial mind, at least in its attitude to religious questions.

## SPINOZISM.

WHOSO writes a book on philosophy for non-philosophical readers generally darkens counsel; and why Sir John Lubbock included Lewes's "History of Philosophy" among his hundred best books no man, with the doubtful exception of Sir John himself, knoweth. But there is at least one good thing in a book scarcely good, which shall be counted unto Lewes for righteousness. He disposed of most of the vulgar errors about Spinoza and wrote a pretty little sketch of the philosopher's life. This sketch, coupled, perhaps, with Matthew Arnold's sympathetic appreciation of Spinoza in his essay on a certain translation of the "Tractatus Theologico-Politicus," comprises the stock of Spinozan lore possessed by most non-philosophical Englishmen. For Voltaire's statement that there were not ten men living in his time who had read Spinoza through is, probably, near the truth to-day. One of this select band, apparently, is M. René Worms, whose "Morale de Spinoza" (Paris: Hachette) gives what, to a reader like the present reviewer, who is not a great clerk in Spinozism, seems a brilliant analysis of the master's "Ethics." M. Worms is brief, he is clear, he has the faculty of making abstruse metaphysics (with the help of a little of Dick Swiveller's power of make-believe) fairly palatable to the average sensual man. This is not the place for entering into any detailed examination of his analysis. Suffice it to say that one leaves the book with an increased veneration for the little Dutch Jew, who lived by polishing optical lenses, and continued to be both sage and saint, as well as philosopher.

A good half of the book, and the more interesting half, is devoted to the influence of Spinoza on modern thought. Here M. Worms betrays the usual weakness of the specialist. He finds Spinozism, as a late M.P. found Jesuitry—everywhere. It is apparently as easy to think Spinoza as to speak prose, without knowing it. To find M. Renan classed among the Spinozists is, of course, not surprising. To both philosophers the same ideal of life has presented itself: the life of right reason, purged of passion; equanimity, neither sad nor gay. Accordingly, M. Renan has been eloquent in praise of Spinoza. In an address which he delivered on the two-hundredth anniversary of the sage's death he said: "C'est ici, dans cette humble demeure de Paviloengracht, que peut-être l'infini a été vu de plus prés." M. Renan ought to know, for he has himself always kept a benevolent eye on the infinite. Let M. Renan then be counted a Spinozist. But when M. Worms goes on to find Spinozism in quarters so unexpected as the novels of M. Maurice Barrès and M. Paul Bourget, one begins to suspect that his hobby has run away with him. M. Barrès, in addition to being a Boulangist deputy, is one of the chief apostles of the gospel of the Ego; let us, to use the fashionable adjective, call them the New Egoists. "Il halète de tout embrasser, s'assimiler, s'harmoniser," says M. Barrès in his book, *Sous l'œil des Barbares*; "il aspire à l'absolu. . . . Délices de comprendre, de se développer, de vibrer, de faire l'harmonie entre soi et le monde, de se remplir d'images indéfinies et profondes! . . . L'univers me pénètre et se développe, et s'harmonise en moi; . . . et moi, je suis tous les êtres." On which, the appropriate commentary would seem to the profane outsider to be, "Oh my!" But M. Worms declares admiringly that this is pure Spinozism. And when the prodigious M. Barrès goes on to confess:—"Dans l'intrigue de Paris, je me suis libéré de moi-même dans l'orgueil un peu sec de Spinoza," M. Worms cannot contain himself for joy. Again, says the ineffable Barrès, "Heures exquises et rapides où, fort bien installé, on rêve de Baruch de Spinoza qui, lassé de méditations, sourit aux araignées dévorant les mouches." There you are! Spiñoza everywhere! Didn't I tell you so? Thus, in effect, M. Worms. But one feels tempted to protest:—"Spinozy here, Spinozy there, we ken the biggin o't." And Touchstone would have added, "'fort bien installé' is good."

After the ineffable egoist Barrès, the exquisite egoist Bourget. He, too, it seems, is a Spinozist. Spinoza, you may or may not remember, has a fine page on jealousy (the curious will find it in the scholium to proposition 35, book III. of the "Ethics"), which is as subtle in its way as Schopenhauer's famous analysis of love. Where, of all places in the world, do you think this fine page gets itself reprinted, with emendations and additions? In M. Bourget's "Physiologie de l'amour moderne," which appeared in that flippant sheet the *Vie Parisienne*. Thus, you see, philosophy takes wing through the ages, and starts from the glass-polisher's garret in the Hague to alight on the Boulevard in front of the Café Américain! Moreover, M. Bourget wrote a book ("Le Disciple") all about an imaginary philosopher, Adrien Sixte, and this philosopher published a treatise on the "Way to Cure Love," and the treatise is cribbed from Spinoza's chapter on the passions. Spinoza again! Il n'y a que lui. All this, we have already said it, shows M. Worms carrying his special subject to the verge of monomania. But it makes M. Worms' book eminently readable.

## A MODERN AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

MODERN consideration, and a full measure of it, has certainly been extended to Fred Walker. He is the man whom all have agreed to praise. From the New English Art Club to the Academy, from the New Gallery to the first outlying studio you happen upon, you will hear praise of Fred Walker. Does his work merit the praise it receives? Certainly, if you compare it with the work of Mr. Fildes or Mr. Herkomer; and that his wood drawings are superior to Sir John Millais' there can be no doubt whatever. But what matter whether Jones is better than Smith or Brown?—the question is not there at all. The question is, Will Jones compare with the old masters? If he will not, his pictures are not pictures in any true sense of the word. The test is with the old masters, and a desire to apply the test to the last dead Academician, who might be supposed capable of bearing the test, must have been running in the heads of the Academicians when they decided to hang Fred Walker's picture, "The Sunny Thames," in the first room among the Gainsboroughs, the Romneys, the Cromes, the Morlands, and the Wilsons. Evidently the Academicians thought that the Walker would be able to hold its own in any company, and they prepared it for the most distinguished, expecting that it would achieve a vindication of modern painting. They had not ignored the claims of Walker as they have ignored the greater claims of Whistler and Albert Moore; his art did not differ so widely from their own as to prevent them making him an A.R.A., so it was quite natural that they should attempt to take Time by the forelock and dub Walker an old master. "We know that a great number of people do not think our pictures worth the canvases they are painted on; we know that it has become common talk that we have long ceased to elect anyone except the absolute duffer to the rank of Academician. We can't confute our enemies on these points, but we can show them that it was not always so. We'll hang Fred Walker among the old masters. Perhaps he'll be able to do something for us."

Fred Walker possibly had more talent than any man of our generation, except Mr. Orchardson, and those whose genius was so great that the Academicians were compelled, in the interests of mediocrity, to ignore them. So the Academicians are determined to make the most of Walker. They have got a picture of his into the National Gallery, and now behold him conspicuously placed amid Gainsboroughs and Romneys, challenging comparison with the eighteenth century. How does the picture bear the terrible stress of comparison that the Academicians have placed upon it? I am afraid it does not bear it at all. I am afraid it is immeasurably the worst picture in the room. From every point of view, it falls short of the humblest accepted standard in the last century. It fails where nearly all modern art fails—at the very root. The old masters are never wanting in what the French call *tenue*. You enter into the pictures of the old masters, you wander for ever through their landscapes, there is unity, there is atmosphere; I do not mean that curse of modern painting, *plein air*—I mean *une atmosphère de tableau*. Opposite the Walker hangs a beautiful Wilson. How uniform is the colour—a dark blue and a pale blue, very delicately blended. The hundred, or, to be more exact, the myriad colours of nature have disappeared, and with what remained, with the essence of the vanished colours, with the values, Wilson painted his picture. How restful is that landscape, how broad, how full of space! And the mountains, do they not sleep very tenderly; and the sky, does it not move and transport you? On the left there is a Crome—a river full of shipping. It has been raining all day, the water is muddy, and towards evening it has begun to clear. The pale yellow of the sunset comes up the picture from the extreme left. On the right the cloud hangs perfectly in its place, throwing the right bank into shadows. All the yellow hour is in mid-stream; the great sail is hardly extended in the moveless air, shadows exact but colourless, and the infinite beauty of distant shipping. True, that the Crome is nearer to nature than the Wilson, but that is a matter of no importance. What is of importance is that in both pictures the intention was to convey a general impression, an impression of the romantic twilight beauty of an Italian landscape and the chill silence of evening on an English river after a rainy day. In neither picture was nature copied; both painters observed nature and made use of nature—that was all. Now we will look at the Walker. Is nature subordinated to the intention of the painter, or is it a heterogeneous display in which no very definite intention is recognisable—something equivalent to a draper's counter up-piled with all the newest materials, and the young man on the steps getting down some more?

Looking at this picture, I do not know if I should describe it as a river's bank from which some children are fishing, or whether I should describe it as some children who are fishing from a river's bank. It is in truth neither one nor the other: it is both, and therefore not a picture. The artist has not been able to decide whether he would paint a landscape or figures. Forget the picture, and imagine the scene in nature. A boy lies with his legs hanging over the bank, holding a fishing-rod; two girls stand behind, and some younger children are lying on the grass. Behind the children there are meadows with large trees; behind the meadows hills. In this familiar scene one painter will see touches of colour, another will see the character of the faces, another will study the effect. The landscape will dwindle down to nothing for him who sees the figures: very little more will remain than an open space smitten with sunlight, and as he begins to study the action and significance of each gesture and the character of each face, the landscape becomes less and less important. It is in this way that a painter determines his point of view; separates the scene from the environment which absorbs it, sacrifices the background, suggests rather than points out, and by a series of ellipses leads the spectator to imagine what is not there; and it is sometimes by servilely copying and sometimes by neglecting nature that the old masters succeed in conveying not an illusion but an impression of life. But is there anything of all this in "The Sunny Thames"? We notice at once that the figures are wholly wanting in ease and simplicity of movement: the girl stands in the conventional pose of the studio model, the boy fishing is in a very grandiloquent pose; the painter has not yet shaken himself free from the conventional picturesque of the studio. The methods of the studio are all over the picture, and not always well applied. He has not even succeeded in measuring his model correctly. How tall would that boy be if he were to stand up? Can you fit those legs on to that body? In quality of drawing is it possible to conceive anything more ignorant, more pedantic, more geometrical? Is it anything more than the work of a very badly educated young man—badly educated and self-educated? There is desire to draw well, and there is desire to draw closely; but did any canvas ever show greater ignorance, greater awkwardness, greater ugliness of handiwork? Is it anything more than a complete exposition of the savagery of modern artistic training? If you doubt me—I will not say look at the Gainsborough; you would say the comparison was not a fair one—I will say look at the Morland on the opposite wall: at that man who empties a pail of food into the pig-trough. How admirably he stoops, how exact is the movement of the arms and the legs—so exact is it that you know the weight of the pail he is emptying—and how easily all this is rendered! with what simplicity and absence of pedantry the hand drew and placed this figure in the picture! "'Twere well to range with simple livers in content," the picture seems to say. In Morland as in Wilson, in Wilson as in Crome, the intention was to convey a general impression. But what general impression was the painter of "The Sunny Thames" minded to express? I do not know. Had there been a distinct intention in the painter's mind, it would have appeared even through the obscuring veils of his academic execution.

The picture is just this: It shows a great deal of talent, and a great deal of bad education. It is the work of a man of talent who, unfortunately, lived at a wrong moment, and it has often been said that for great art two things are required: the man and the moment. Had Walker lived on, would his art have improved? I think not. I can see no improvement in any of his canvases. His art seems to have become petrified at an early date. He was really no more than an ardent-minded young man, full of passionate remembrance of the antiques he had just left off copying, and could not refrain from introducing into his pictures. On another side his horizon was bounded by as much modernity as finds its way into an illustrated newspaper.

G. M.

## THE DRAMA.

### "The New Wing."—"The Showman's Daughter."

MR. WILLIE EDOUIN is a low comedian of strongly marked individuality, whose career of management at the Strand has taught him that 'tis not always in low comedy managers to command success. But, with his latest production, he has done more, Sempronius, he has deserved it. *The New Wing*, by a new playwright, Mr. H. A. Kennedy, is distinctly above the average level of farce. It has ideas. It compels you to laugh without insulting your intelligence. I propose, then, briefly to describe it, as they say in the fatherland of the Mirobolants, *par le menu*. This method, I am well aware, is tedious as a rule; but anything for a change.

A fashionable architect, Sir Edward Strangeways,

has been invited to General Singleside's country house, ostensibly that he may advise on the decoration of a new wing designed by the General, who has a hobby for building, really that he may fall in love with the General's ward, Miss Flossie Trivett. The architect, however, has already lost his heart to the General's daughter, Miss Hester, and it is only that he may lay siege to that lady's affections that he accepts her father's invitation. A siege it will have to be, for Hester is a Socialist, who vows she could never marry a representative of the odious capitalist class, least of all a baronet. Her hero is the British working man. Her latest hero, that is, for she has had several in succession, Ritualist heroes, Theosophist heroes, Neo-Buddhist heroes. She has outlived these cults: they were only, she explains, necessary stages in her development. The architect hits upon a stratagem which, he hopes, will kill two birds with one stone: cure Hester of her craze for Socialism, and secure her hand for himself. Accordingly he presents himself, in appropriate costume, as the British working man, brother to George Slab, a plumber employed on the new wing. Slab, like Mr. Eccles of pious memory, preaches the gospel of work more than he practises it. Like the Jamshyd of Omar Khayyam, he glories and drinks deep. Item, he is an adroit liar. Item, he is a virtuoso in Donjuanism. The sex, he boasts, adores bravery, and none is so brave as the noble plumber, who, when gases escape, comes heroically to the rescue with a naked candle. Slab, the architect foresees, will be the very man to disgust Hester with Socialism. Meanwhile, an empty-headed youth, who has come down to the country house to pursue a flirtation with Miss Flossie, is taken by the General for the architect, and delivers preposterous judgments on mural decoration with ludicrous gravity. The real Simon Pure has lost no time in attracting the favourable notice of Miss Hester, but insists that all her patronage shall be shared by "brother George," whom he puts forward as a philosopher in a blouse, a plumbing Carlyle, who is really the famous "Σ"—Sigma for Slab—of the literary reviews. So brother George is formally introduced. He leers and, determined to be agreeable, asks, "Shall I kiss you, Miss?" And that is the first Act.

In the second you see the true and the false British workman at work—papering the new wing. The room is papered "while you wait": a novel piece of stage business, I think, and a diverting. A lady, not Hester, who has suspicions as to the architect's identity, cuts sandwiches for him, which brother George eats. Hester talks reverently to George—tells him she knows all about "Σ," and looks for Carlylisms; but George only winks. For he has this philosophy from his mother: "Wink hard at 'em, George, and the gal as winks back is the wench for you." Hester does not wink back, but prefers to flirt with the other workman on planks and amid pails of whitewash. This, she explains to the expostulating Flossie, is necessary to her development. What is more, she insists that the General shall invite the two workmen to dinner. When her father refuses, she declares she will go on the music-hall stage, expose her ankles, and sing "Wot cher, 'Ria?" She suits the action to the word. He holds out. Display of more ankles, further snatches of music-hall song, and he gives in—another amusing bit of stage business. And that is the second Act.

You foresee the third? It is intended for the display of brother George's antics after dinner. Much fun, as Mr. Toole's admirers know, may be got out of an ill-fitting suit of dress-clothes. Brother George's difficulties with his coat-tails, with his cup of coffee, with his *chasse* of cognac, furnish abundant entertainment. He burns a dowager's head-dress while lighting his clay pipe, and freezes the company with an anecdote which he has always found a favourite with the fraternity of plumbers. The point of the anecdote is that it is pointless, and I only mention it here because it is one instance among many showing that Mr. Kennedy has the gift of observation—a faculty not too lavishly bestowed upon farce-writers. By this time the game of misunderstandings and cross-purposes is up. The youth who has allowed himself to be taken for the architect can no longer keep up the imposture; the baronet confesses his deception; and Hester, whose idealisation of the British working man has suffered a rude shock from the spectacle of brother George, determines that, after all, she can resign herself to marriage with a capitalist. And that is all.

I do not ask you to accept *A New Wing* as a perfect farce. It is anything but that. Its intrigue, as you have seen, is thin; it is not adroitly complicated; there is no reason why it should end at one point rather than at another. The entries and exits of the personages are artlessly contrived. There are at least two personages, a fortune-hunting mother and daughter, who are useless to the action, as the fact of my being able to describe it without mentioning them shows. Mr. Kennedy should sit at the feet of some Gamaliel of farce, say M. Alexandre Bosson. Meanwhile he has written a fresh, ingenious, one might almost say intellectual, little piece, which warrants us in expecting something still better from him in the future. Mr. Edouin certainly owes him *une fière chandelle*—I do not refer to the naked *chandelle* waved aloft by the "noble plumber." As the bibulous, leering, lazy brother George, this actor is indescribably droll—all the more droll because, in the very whirlwind of his drollery, he begets a certain temperance. He is a caricature, of course, but yet a caricature which possesses some resemblance to the original type—a type that, in this dismal season of burst water-pipes, comes home, in Bacon's phrase, to our business and bosoms. Mr. Herbert Standing plays the wily architect with his usual finished ease; Miss Beatrice Lamb, who has the majestic port of Juno, and so carries, perhaps, too much metal for this light skirmishing, is the lady Socialist; and Mr. Herbert Ross, as the vacuous youth who is called upon to pose as an authority on architecture, is distinctly amusing. The rest are sufficient.

To see *A Showman's Daughter*, a three-act play by Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, produced under her own management at the Royalty, is an exercise in inverted Rip-Van-Winkleism. The piece transports you back to the playhouse of a quarter of a century ago, when Mr. H. J. Byron was writing "domestic" dramas for Mr. J. L. Toole, in which Mr. Henry Irving was cast for subordinate parts. That an h-less dotard, proprietor of a travelling wax-work show, should bring up his daughter as a "lady," and at a distance, in complete ignorance of her father's person and profession; that on her home-coming she should mistake him for the butler; that, rather than shock her by revealing the truth, he should leave her and resume his wanderings with the wax-works; that one old lady (proletarian) should suppose periwinkles to be an orthodox adjunct to five-o'clock tea in Mayfair; and that another (aristocratic) should have "never seen a bloater"—all these things were possible and, indeed, eagerly demanded in the playhouse of five-and-twenty years ago. But now? Ah! now, I fear the process of the suns, the quantity of water that has flowed under the bridges, and other freaks of the Time-Spirit, will not permit one to accept *A Showman's Daughter* as anything more than a curiosity. A Mr. Will Dennis, who plays the old showman—"the old showman"! the phrase surprises by himself the whole theatrical *ethos* of the sixties—shows considerable talent. He has, I understand, been rescued from obscurity in the country; it would be a pity if he were allowed to return thither.

Mr. Brander Matthews has collected, and Messrs. Chatto and Windus publish in a pretty little volume, "The Dramatic Essays of Charles Lamb." To praise these masterpieces would be impertinent; one reads them for the twentieth time, and is silently thankful. But Mr. Matthews's contention that Charles

Lamb's humour was essentially American is an outrage. Lamb would have asked permission to examine the gentleman's bumps. A. B. W.

## MUSIC.

THE position of our London musical theatres just now is not an exhilarating one. At our one lyrical establishment of a high class, the manager, after experiencing a first failure with a very beautiful opera by Sir Arthur Sullivan, has now undergone a second with an ingenious and charming work by M. Carré as librettist and M. Messager as composer. *La Basoche*, played for the last time on Saturday evening, seemed to possess every requisite for a great success, at once popular and artistic. But our audiences have no appreciation of style in music; and what they really like in comic operas is the buffoonery of the two funny men whose antics constitute in most works of the kind so important a feature. The immense success of *La Cavalleria Rusticana* does not tell against this view, since Mascagni's opera appealed to a particular public with a natural or acquired taste for the best productions of the Italian school. A director so skilful and so persistent as Mr. D'Oyly Carte may be trusted to succeed in the end. Meanwhile, it may be hoped that he is doing much better at the Savoy than he has hitherto done at the theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue.

Mr. Solomon's *Nautch Girl* is about to be followed at the Savoy by the same composer's *Vicar of Bray*, "book" by Mr. Sidney Grundy; and a new work, written by Mr. Grundy, composed by Sir Arthur Sullivan, is promised for the near future. At the Lyric Theatre the new opera by Mr. W. S. Gilbert and the late Alfred Cellier is a brilliant success, in which almost as large a share may be claimed for the lamented composer as for the ingenious and fantastic librettist, who is now apparently without a musician. In the days of the Savoy, and, still earlier, in the days of the Opera Comique—where *The Sorcerer* and *Pinafore* were first produced—admirers of the firm of Gilbert and Sullivan used to wonder among themselves, and sometimes dispute, as to whether Gilbert owed most to Sullivan or Sullivan to Gilbert. When the associates in so many successful works dissolved partnership and formed new connections, there seemed to be some probability of the point being at last determined. Sir Arthur Sullivan took to himself a new librettist, and Mr. W. S. Gilbert a new composer. Sir Arthur Sullivan, however, rushed into serious music; whereas Mr. W. S. Gilbert has not yet committed the imprudence of departing from his usual operatic vein. The results of the two new combinations have been widely different; but even now the interesting question cannot be determined by any process of critical measurement, since one of the former partners has been more fortunate than the other in his new associate. It may, indeed, be said that Sullivan cannot find another Gilbert, whereas, in the case of the *Mountebanks*, Gilbert was very near finding another Sullivan.

In the composer with whom Mr. W. S. Gilbert is about to make a new experiment, he will enjoy the co-operation of a true musician who has hitherto, in spite of a few striking musical successes, been known chiefly as a humorist. A few years ago Mr. George Grossmith had almost arranged to write a libretto for Mr. Frederick Cowen. He is now composing music to a libretto by Mr. W. S. Gilbert. In the latest edition of his entertainment, presented last week at St. James's Hall, Mr. Grossmith introduced several novelties, the most remarkable being a pianoforte piece on a theme offered to him as the "tune" of a music-hall song, which, common enough in its original presentment, assumes artistic and constantly varied character when it is played, now as Mozart, now as Mendelssohn, now as Wagner might have treated it. In the rehearsal of a cantata by a Choral Society (to establish which it is chiefly necessary to secure the patronage of a duke) he is not only thoroughly amusing as he impersonates successively the angry conductor, the meek accompanist, the soprano who once had a voice, and so on, but he shows that if the fatal idea should ever occur to him he could really compose a much better cantata than many that are now produced.

## THE WEEK.

THE influenza, among its other misdeeds, is responsible for the death of the *Anti-Jacobin*, an event which we heartily regret. The *Anti-Jacobin* was free from the juvenile violence and vulgarity of some other organs of the party it represented, and its editor was able to take a clear line of his own both in literature and politics. We trust that MR. GREENWOOD may have a speedy recovery from an illness the prevalence of which must seriously have affected many other editors besides himself. We speak feelingly, as we have to apologise this week for the omission of certain of our usual features, due to the serious illness of no fewer than four of the leading members of our editorial staff.

THE names of the men of note who figure in the first volume of A. K. H. B.'s "Twenty-five Years of St. Andrews" (LONGMANS) would attract anyone who has the least acquaintance with MR. BOYD'S writings. Whatever else may be said of his work, there never was a more charming gossip. We do want to know what WHYTE MELVILLE, and MR. JOHN BLACKWOOD, and PRINCIPAL TULLOCH, and MRS. OLIPHANT, and JOHN STUART MILL, and CHARLES KINGSLEY, and MR. FROUDE, said to the "Country Parson," and what he replied.

IN biography we have this week "Charles Simeon," by MR. H. C. G. MOULE, the new volume of MESSRS. METHUEN & CO.'S "Leaders of Religion," and "Montrose," by MR. MOWBRAY MORRIS, just added to MESSRS. MACMILLAN & CO.'S "English Men of Action."

MR. LECKY, in the Cabinet edition of his "History of England" (LONGMANS), of which the first volume is newly out, has connected in one continuous narrative the Irish chapters, which had been previously scattered through many volumes and divided by great tracts of English history. This portion of his work will form the concluding volumes of the new edition, and will be separately sold. MR. LECKY has revised the whole history. Without making any large or very material changes, he has endeavoured to bring his work up to the level of our present knowledge, and by a few retouches, additions, and erasures, he has added considerably both to its accuracy and its completeness.

TWO reprints—MR. LANG'S "Selected Poems of Robert Burns" (KEGAN PAUL), and MR. CHARLES G. CRUMP'S edition in six volumes of LANDOR'S "Imaginary Conversations" (DENT)—are among the most interesting of recent publications.

FROM the *Reliquary* we learn that at the present time many books still remain chained in churches and libraries. MR. J. WILLIS CLARK has enumerated all the known instances as regards books chained in libraries, and it is in contemplation to compile and publish a full list of those which remain in churches or elsewhere. Many examples are given by the *Reliquary*, from which it appears that chained books,

besides being numerous, are distributed all over England. In Wootten Wawen Church, Warwickshire, there are nine or ten, and in Turton Church, Lancashire, no less than fifty. Before the Reformation books of all sorts were chained in churches; indeed, some of the books at Windsor appear from the titles to be what we should call novels. Afterwards the books were always of a religious character, such as the Bible, JEWEL'S "Apology," and the "Paraphrases" of ERASMUS.

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IN a history of the firm of MESSRS. JOHN BLACKIE & SON in the *Publishers' Circular* a new story is told of JOHN WILSON. An essay by him, promised for MESSRS. BLACKIE'S "Land of Burns," was not forthcoming when the work was drawing to completion. Letters produced no result. At length, in despair, MR. JOHN BLACKIE, Jun., went to Edinburgh and called upon WILSON. Recognising his visitor, WILSON put the table between them, as if for safety. MR. BLACKIE made no demonstration of wrath, however, but announced his intention of remaining where he was till the MS. was completed. "That's capital!" cried Wilson; "MRS. WILSON will prepare a bed for you on the sofa and make you comfortable, and I'll set about writing the essay." This arrangement was not found necessary; the publisher's visit was in itself a sufficient spur, and the promised copy, written on backs of funeral letters, remnants of grocers' bags, etc., began to flow in upon the printer in detached portions by several posts a day. Before the essay was finished, wishing to see what he had done, WILSON wrote for a proof. The printer, supposing the MS. would serve the purpose, returned it. "Send me proof," replied WILSON, "for though *you* can read my MS., *I* cannot."

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A REVIEWER in the *Athenæum* writes of "MR. JULIEN GORDON'S" stories, "Vampires" and "Mademoiselle Réséda," published in this country by MESSRS. WARD, LOCK & Co. We should have thought internal evidence would have prevented such a mistake. JULIEN GORDON'S stories are exactly such as many who have not read them suppose "Ouida's" to be—full of doubtful grammar, false emphasis, foreign words, inexcusable vulgarity, and "the trappings and the suits" of passion. The bearer of this *nom de plume* is a lady of fashion in New York, where many admirers have been able to obtain for her a factitious reputation. Her last book, "A Puritan Pagan," is as nauseous as can be, and a striking illustration of the mistake the would-be moralist often makes in using the novel as a pulpit.

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THE remarkable offer of the *New England Magazine* to accept five dollars for a year's subscription (its regular price being three dollars) and to throw in the *Cosmopolitan* (regular price, three dollars) and either the GRANT, the SHERMAN, the SHERIDAN, or the MCCLELLAN Memoirs, without any "extra" charge, is partially explained in the *Critic*. The GRANT Memoirs is a book which has killed itself, its immediate sale having been so large as to fully meet the popular demand at the start. The SHERMAN Memoirs died in a somewhat similar way. As for the SHERIDAN and MCCLELLAN Memoirs, it turns out that they have ceased to sell on account of the over-production of war material in newspapers, books, and magazines. The puzzling point is this, that the price paid by the *Cosmopolitan*—the magazine with which the books are given away—is such that the publishers could afford to print anew and sell at the same rate if the success of the *Magazine's* plan should make it necessary.

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WHILST NANSEN'S ingenious Arctic project from the outset has been lucky enough to find influential supporters, BARON NORDENSKIÖLD'S proposed Antarctic expedition has had so much to contend against that it has now been finally abandoned. The Australian geographical societies not being able or willing to find their share of the requisite capital, BARON OSCAR DICKSON, who had offered to pay the other half, has now decided to enable BARON NORDENSKIÖLD'S son, MR. G. NORDENSKIÖLD, who has already had some exploring experience, to visit the Antarctic regions on board a Scotch whaler.

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"H. S." WRITES:—Would you, now that we are in the season of the year in which our thoroughfares are so often in a slippery condition, allow me to appeal to horse-owners to give their attention to the improvements which have been suggested with regard to horse-shoes? And may I also appeal to all humane people to do what they can to rouse up those local authorities who neglect to properly gravel the streets?

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THE obituary this week includes the ARCHDUKE KARL SALVATOR of Austria (best known, perhaps, as the brother of JOHANN ORTH); LORD ABINGER, who had been through the Crimean War; PROFESSOR ADAMS, of Cambridge, the discoverer of the planet Neptune; SIR GEORGE JENKINSON, once the most Tory of Tory members; FATHER ANDERLEDY, a native of the Valais, General of the Jesuits; MR. BENJAMIN SCOTT, the City Chamberlain, whose name was perhaps even better known in connection with philanthropic and rescue work; M. LOUIS LABARRE, the "doyen" of Belgian journalism, the friend of ARMAND CARREL; and WIERTZ, the painter, who long assailed from Brussels the Government of NAPOLEON III.; M. CARL MÜLLER, a well-known French historical painter; M. ERNEST CHRISTOPHE, a sculptor of some repute, a friend of CHARLES BAUDELAIRE; and M. ÉMILE DE NIEUWERKERKE, Director of Fine Arts under the Second French Empire.

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## TWO POETS.

"NOW, look here, Hubert, do just let me read you the finest part."

There was something splendid in the vanity of this large, venerable man. He was only middle-aged, but he looked venerable. He sat well back in his easy-chair, full of complacency and dinner. His fat, white, ringed fingers toyed delicately with his liqueur glass. His eyes, as he spoke, glanced lovingly towards an awful portfolio—a portfolio as bulgy as its owner—which rested on a writing-table in a far corner. He was so childish and eager that Hubert felt that it was impossible to be angry with this fatuous poet, although it would be still more impossible to listen to his verses. Hubert was five years younger than the venerable Archibald, and looked ten years younger. He had the broad low brow and the luminous eyes that see the humour of things. They had been friends at college, and college friendships stick.

They only resembled one another in the fact that they both wrote verses. Archibald was a fairly rich man, and was about to publish his own works at his own expense in dainty vellum binding. Hubert, although not poor, was much poorer, and quite unpublished. Archibald had never suffered a strong passion, had no strange experiences, and no close ties of affection; for he had many acquaintances and no near relations. In Archibald's affections, Hubert had told him more than once, Archibald himself and his own verses came first, sweet champagne and oily liqueurs second, chocolate bon-bons third, and the rest nowhere. At which Archibald would smile a fat smile, and say that he was quite prepared to own his devotion to his art. He was so perfectly well satisfied with himself that the

laughter or jeers of his friend never affected him, and would not have affected him even if they had not been—as they were—always uttered good-humouredly. Hubert had been less fortunate than Archibald. He was more sensitive and less sensible. He was susceptible, and had been the fool of more than one woman. At this time he was married, but separated from his wife. He was reserved on such points, and Archibald never knew that his friend was, or ever had been, married. Hubert was always suffering the remorse that he was always causing himself; and yet his frailties were lovable, and he had never lost his sweet temper and his geniality. His experiences and sorrows had gone straight through his heart out into his verse. In verse he had found much consolation, but no money. It was not poverty that caused either of the two to write. Vanity compelled Archibald; the desire for comfort moved Hubert.

Yet with all their differences they remained very good friends. They often dined together, as they had been dining now, in Archibald's chambers. On rare occasions Hubert would allow Archibald to have recourse to the awful portfolio; then Archibald was happy. Hubert never read his own poetry aloud, and his friend only knew that he had written some verses for which he had not been able to find a publisher.

"Now, my dear fellow," said Archibald, repeating his request, "I value your opinion. The part I want to read you is the first twenty lines of 'The Darkness of Eros.' After that, if you don't want to hear any more, I promise to stop. I read those twenty lines to Smithson, and he asked me to go on; and you know Smithson's not the man to be easily pleased." Archibald rose and waddled towards the portfolio like a frightened hen getting home.

"All nonsense, old man," said Hubert, "you'd had Smithson to dinner."

"But that's nothing to do with it," replied Archibald, fumbling with a bundle of proofs which he had selected from the portfolio.

"Well, you know, Smithson's mostly used to dining at restaurants, and he can't quite understand a free feed. I can. I like it. But Smithson always has an idea that he's got to pay for his dinner somehow. When he dines with you, he always admires the pictures and furniture. Of course he can't admire your Landseers; because, although Smithson's vulgar, he's not so hopeless as all that. But he praises your poetry instead."

Archibald smoothed out one long slip on his plump knee. "Now it's just precisely because by a remark like that you show a certain amount of insight that Smithson doesn't possess that I want you to—er—now then."

And before Hubert could stop him he had read the first line:

"'Shall we sing of the sea-foam that bore thee, the Mother of Love?'"

"Next line ends in 'dove,'" remarked Hubert, waywardly.

"It does *not*," said Archibald, emphatically. "It ends in 'above.' And you might have had 'grove' or 'shove,' or heaps of things. You spoil it, you know, by talking like that."

"No, my dear fellow," said Hubert; "it's Smithson who really spoils you. Look here. When you read your verses I want to laugh, and that's not right. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll do something I never did for you before. I'll take that proof home, and read it, and give you my detailed opinion of it."

"You will?" said Archibald, and his eyes brightened as he handed him the proof. "I'm not sure that it would not be better for me to read it; but, on my word, it's something that you want to read it yourself when you've only heard one line." For it was Archibald's conviction that Hubert must have been attracted by that line to make the proposal. "And you'll give me your opinion of it," he continued, "your candid opinion—just what you think, you know?"

"I will," said Hubert; "but you will publish it just the same, whatever my opinion is."

"I own that," replied Archibald blandly; "because I have a confidence in that work which I am persuaded is just."

"And talking of candid opinions," Hubert went on, with the plain-speaking of a very old friend, "this particular mixture of citron and treacle is rather more nasty than I care for. I know it's your taste, but——"

Archibald smiled, and touched the bell. Then they fell to talking of the wickedness of wine-merchants and publishers, and of the beauty of old college-days, until the small hours.

Hubert was thinking as his cab took him back to his own chambers. He was thinking of a certain ship of his which had recently come in, and which he had long before given up. It would enable him, if he liked, to do precisely what Archibald was doing—to publish his own verses at his own expense.

On the table in his chambers he found a letter waiting for him, addressed to him in a familiar feminine hand. It was written on thick, rough-edged paper, and bore a great gilt monogram. She was always adopting fashions, he knew, but they took time in reaching her. There were three sheets, all crossed; and one of them was smeared with cigarette ashes. He glanced through them impatiently, and flung them on the fire. Then he took out his cheque-book, wrote a cheque, and put it in an envelope, which he stamped and addressed.

Then he went to bed with the pleasant consciousness that the ship which had come in had now gone out again; and that the poems would have to wait.

Yet they ultimately found a publisher.

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Archibald Somers and Hubert Ray both died in the same year. Sixty years afterwards a critical work appeared on Archibald Somers. As this critical work expressed what were certainly the general sentiments of the time, some of it may be quoted. Besides, it is a little curious:—

"It is to be regretted that Hubert Ray had not the humility to undertake the work of Boswell for Johnson; although he was undoubtedly less than Boswell, even as Somers was undoubtedly greater than Johnson. Had he done so, we might have had a clearer picture of the personality of the finest English poet since Milton. As it is, Archibald Somers is an indistinct figure; a figure which we love and reverence, but of which we would fain know more. Hubert Ray was too much taken up with his own filthy intrigues, his own morbid rhymes and spiteful lampoons; he was too much blinded by conceit to see the greatness of his intimate friend. It is a satire on their times that Hubert Ray should have found a publisher foolish enough to produce his works for nothing, while Archibald Somers positively had to pay to give the world a work which it now knows to be priceless. It is true that subsequently, even in their life-time, the pre-eminence of Somers was acknowledged; but if we may judge the man from the delicacy of his writing, his modesty would be astounded if he knew—alas, he can never know!—the position which he justly holds now among the poets of this land."

BARRY PAIN.

## SONNET.

### FOR JANUARY, 1892.

MIRTH turns to mourning, and the marriage-lay
To bitter lamentation all too soon:
The sun has set, although it still is noon—
The earth is darkened while it yet is day:
The fresh young year seems grimly old and grey
Ere the last quarter of its earliest moon:
The house of kings is desolate: the boon
Of life, like vapour, vanishes away.
In vain we question—"Why should these things be?"
We find no answer in the stormy sky,
Nor in the mountains' everlasting bars,
Nor in the ceaseless sobbing of the sea:
Yet trust we dimly, as we look on high,
There is an answer hid beyond the stars.

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
*Friday*, January 22nd, 1892.

HAVING occasion recently to re-arrange my books, they lay in bewildering jumbled heaps upon my study floor; and having in vain puzzled over this plan and that which should give the little collection a continuity such as it had never attained before, I at length gave it up in despair, and sat, with my head in my hands, hopeless. Presently I seemed to hear small voices talking in whispers, a curious papery tone, like the fluttering of leaves, and listening I distinctly heard these words:—"The great era of universal equality and redistribution has dawned at last. No one book shall any longer claim more shelf than another, no book shall be taller or thicker than another. The age of folios and quartos is past, and the Age of the Universal Octavo has dawned."

Looking up, I saw that the voice was that of a shabby, but perky, octavo, which I had forgotten I ever possessed, since the day when some mistaken charity had prompted me to rescue it from the three-penny box and give it a good home in a respectable family of books. Certainly, it had so far filled the humble position of a shelf-liner, and evidently its accidental elevation into daylight on the top of a prostrate folio had somewhat turned its head. It was now doing its best to disseminate its Socialistic principles among the set of scurvy octavos and duodecimos in its vicinity.

"Why should we choke with dust in the dark there," it continued, "that these splendid creatures should glitter all day in the sunshine, and get all the firelight of an evening? We were born to be read as much as they, born to enjoy our share of the good things of this world as much as my Lord Folio, as much as any Honourable Quarto, or fashionable Large Paper. My Brothers, the hour has come: will you strike now or never, exact your rights as free-born books, or will you go back to be shelf-liners as before?"

[Loud cries of "No! no! we won't," here encouraged the speaker.]

"Strike now, and the book unborn shall bless you. Miss this golden opportunity, and the cause we serve will be delayed another hundred editions."

At this point a great folio that had for some time been leaning threateningly, like a slab at Stonehenge, above the speaker, suddenly fell and silenced him; but his words had not been spoken in vain, and from various sets of books about the room I heard the voices of excited agitators taking up his words. Then an idea struck me. I was, as I told you, heartily sick of my task of arrangement. Here seemed an opportunity.

"Look here," I said, "you shall have it all to yourselves. I resign, I abdicate. You shall arrange yourselves as you please, but be quick about it, and let there be as little bloodshed as possible."

With that there arose such a hubbub as was never before heard in a quiet book-room, not even during that famous battle of the St. James's Library in 1697; and conspicuous among the noises was a strange crowing sound as of young cocks, which I was at a loss to understand, till I bethought me how Mentzelius, long ago, sitting in the quiet of his library, had heard the bookworm "crow like a cock unto his mate." On looking I saw that the insurgents had indeed pressed into their service a certain politic body of bookworms as joyous heralds, which certainly I had never suspected of inhabiting my books at all—though, truly, such hidden creatures do crawl out of their corners in these times of upheaval.

It was long before I could disentangle individual voices from the wild chaos of strident theories that surrounded me, but at last there was silence, as one bilious-looking vellum book—old enough to have known better—had evidently caught the ear of the assembled multitudes, and then I understood that the movement had already found its Robespierre. It was evident from his words that the universal gospel of equality, so beautifully expatiated upon before the revolution, had had reference only to those who were already on an equality of that low estate which fears no fall. The only equality now offered to books above the rank of octavo was that of death, which, philosophers have long assured us, makes all men equal, by a short and simple method. There was but one other way—that the quartos should consent to be cut in two, and the folios quartered; but that, alas! meant death as well, for that which alone is of worth both in books and men—the soul—would be no more. So, as it seemed they must die either way, all the condemned declared death better than dishonour. Several distinguished folios who, in a quixotism of heart, had flirted with the Socialistic leaders when their schemes were as yet but propaganda, and equality had not yet been so rigorously defined, now bitterly repented their folly, and did their best in heading a rally against their foes. That, however, was soon quelled, and threatened, indeed, but to hasten their doom.

"To the guillotine with them!" cried the bilious little octavo, and then I saw that my tobacco-cutter had been extemporised into the deadly engine.

But, hereon, a voice of humour found hearing, that of a stout 32-mo, evidently a philosopher.

"Why shed blood?" he said, "I have a better plan. Stature is no mark of superiority; it is usually the reverse. The mind's the standard of the man. In the world of men the tallest and handsomest are made into servants, and called flunkies, and these wait upon the small men, who have all the money, which among men corresponds to brains among books. Why shouldn't we take a hint from this custom, and turn these tall, gaudy gentlemen into our servants, for which all their gilt and fine clothes have already provided them with livery? Ho, Sirrah Folio, come and turn my page!"

But this Lord Folio haughtily refused to do, and consequently, being too stout to turn his own pages, the little 32-mo could say no more. His proposal, though it tickled a few, found no great favour. It was generally agreed that humour had no place in the discussion of a serious question. Another speaker advocated the retention of the condemned as ornaments of the State, but he was very speedily overruled. Was not that the shallow excuse by which they had hung on for ever so long? No, that was quite worn out.

The main questions were further obstructed by many outbursts of individualism. Certain self-contained books wished to be left to themselves and have no part in the social scheme, unless in the event of a return to monarchy, when, they intimated, they might be eligible for election. This, one could see, was the secret hope of all the speakers; and you would have laughed could you have heard what inflated opinions some of them had of their own importance—especially two or three of the minor poets. Then, again, many sentimental demands, quite unforeseen, added to the general anarchy. Collected editions, which had long groaned in the bondage of an arbitrary relationship, saw an opportunity in the general overturn to break away from their sets and join their natural fellows. Sex was naturally the most unruly element of all. Volumes that had waited edition after edition for each other, yearning across the shelves, felt their time had come at last, and leapt into each other's arms. It was with no avail that a distress minute was passed by The Hundred Thousand Committee (a somewhat unworkable body)

that henceforth sex was to be a function exercised absolutely for the good of the State; tattered poets were to be seen wildly proclaiming a different doctrine.

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Such eccentric attachments as a volume of "Elia" for Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, were especially troublesome, while the explosion caused by the accidental contact of that same unruly Elia with a modern reprint of "The Anatomy of Melancholy," which he never could tolerate, he said, proved the last straw to the Committee of the Hundred Thousand, who immediately resigned their offices in anger and despair. Thereupon, tenfold chaos once more returning, I thought it time to interfere. The Doctrine of Equality was evidently a failure—among books, at any rate. So I savagely fell to, and threw the books back again into their immemorial places, and the cause of freedom in "The City of Books" sleeps for another hundred editions.

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Only I placed Elia next to the Duchess, because he was a human fellow and had no theories.

R. LE G.

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# REVIEWS.

## NOVEL HISTORY—BY A LADY NOVELIST.

THE NORMANS: told chiefly in relation to their conquest of England. By Sarah Orne Jewett. ("Story of the Nations.") London: T. Fisher Unwin.

OF the making of series of popular little history books—they cannot be called histories—there seems to be no end. The "Epochs of History" commenced the epidemic, and it has now risen to such a height that every publishing firm, whether of old-established reputation or of mushroom growth, which cannot think of a good title for a series of cheap biographies, such as "English Men of Letters," "English Men of Action," "Great Writers," or the like, must have its historical series. Most of these series have their good volumes. Their harbinger, the "Epochs of History," easily bears the palm. Such books as Dean Church's "Beginning of the Middle Ages," the Bishop of Oxford's "Early Plantagenets," Mr. S. R. Gardiner's "Thirty Years' War" and "Puritan Revolution," and the Bishop of Peterborough's "Age of Elizabeth," are models of their kind. But even this series, graced by such great names and, what is of more importance, by such admirable volumes, was marked by many doleful failures. The bad volumes of this, the best of the cheap historical series, were bad enough; but there has been reserved for this particular collection of national history the "cool malignity," as Charles Lamb would have termed it, of inappropriate illustrations. It is inevitable that all these series should have their failures as well as their successes, and it is only right, for the sake of the publishers as well as the public, to point out these failures, lest the success of one or two good volumes by one or two well-known authors should foist off on unsuspecting readers utterly worthless books which should never have seen the light. The "Story of the Nations," which is Mr. Fisher Unwin's series, has had its share of good volumes. Mr. Morfill's "Russia," Mr. Bradley's "Goths," Mr. Morrison's "Jews under Roman Rule," and Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole's "Barbary Corsairs," are all valuable works, and absolutely the only books in the English language treating their respective subjects according to the lights of the latest historical research. Some of the others, which treat of well-worn subjects, are accurate and spirited little text-books. But there have been some lamentable failures—lamentable alike for the purchaser, who has been induced to buy the worthless volume because it was one of the series, and for the reviewer, who feels it his duty to speak out clearly and emphatically against dishonest work.

"The Normans" is an instance in point. It is a curious fact that the small book upon "The Normans in Europe" in the "Epochs of History" was also, to put it mildly, not a success. And yet it might be supposed that upon no historical era would it be so easy to write an interesting and accurate little book. Not only is the subject picturesque in the extreme, affording many dramatic situations and striking portraits, but the abundant materials have been worked up by one of the three great living English historians, Professor E. A. Freeman, into a narrative at once interesting and complete. An analysis of the authorities used by Miss Jewett in the book under review will give some evidence of the absolute unfitness of the lady to write an historical work. She naturally quotes largely from Professor Freeman, but the only authors whom she mentions with words of praise are Mr. John Addington Symonds and Miss Charlotte M. Yonge! The former she calls "a charming writer," and no one will cavil at the epithet; but when she deliberately founds the greater part of a chapter on a story for children called "The Little Duke," written by Miss Yonge very many years ago, and speaks with a certain poverty of epithet of this "charming story" in the text, it is time to protest. Among the authorities quoted are the Rev. A. H. Johnson's "Normans in Europe" in more than one place, Sir Francis Palgrave, and, on the Icelandic sagas, instead of writers of reputation on the subject, Depping's "Voyages Maritimes des Normands." But Miss Jewett's knowledge of English novelists and appreciation for their writings is evidently more extensive than her acquaintance with the standard historians of the epoch she attempts to describe. Dickens's "Child's History of England," probably for the first time since its publication, is actually quoted as the authority for an historical statement. "England was made a great grave," says Dickens of the Norman Conquest, "and men and beasts lay dead together," and Miss Jewett calmly accepts this remark as being of sufficient value to deserve quotation. Even more remarkable is her admiration for Lord Lytton as an authority on Anglo-Saxon manners. Surely in this year of grace it would hardly be expected that anyone, even an American lady-novelist, should deliberately say of the family of Godwine, "Lord Lytton's novel, called 'Harold,' makes this famous household seem to live before our eyes" (p. 192).

But enough of Miss Jewett's qualifications for writing or understanding history. Let us turn now to her style of composition. Its great advantage is that it is entirely her own. Without the simplicity of Lady Callcott's "Little Arthur's History of England," it seems in places inspired by a systematic attempt to write down to the level of her readers, whom she then expects to be very juvenile, while elsewhere she indulges in curious philosophical dissertations intended for mature readers. The result of the mixture is occasionally absolutely ridiculous. A few quotations, taken at random on opening the book casually, will justify these remarks. Take, for instance, from the first chapter, entitled "The Men of the Dragon Ships," these two passages:—

> "Think of those clumsy little ships out on such a journey with their single masts and long oars! Think of the stories that must have been told from town to town after these strange, wild Northern foes had come and gone! They were like hawks that came swooping down out of the sky, and though Spain and Rome and Greece were well enough acquainted with wars, they must have felt when the Northmen came as we should feel if some wild beast from the heart of the forest came biting and tearing its way through a city street at noontime" (p. 20).

**Miss Jewett understands the feelings of the Vikings as thoroughly as those of the Greeks and Romans and Spaniards harried by them.**

> "As for the old men," she says, "who had been to the fights and followed the sea-kings and brought home treasures, we are sure that they were always talking over their valiant deeds and successes, and urging their sons and grandsons to go to the South. The women wished their husbands and brothers to be as brave as the rest, while

they cared a great deal for the rich booty which was brought back from such expeditions. What a hard thing it must have seemed to the boys who were sick or lame or deformed, but who had all the desire for glory that belonged to any of the Vikings, and yet must stay at home with the women" (p. 27).

**The following description of the battle of Hastings is too sublime for criticism:—**

"And the fight grew hotter and hotter, the Normans were beaten back, and returned again fiercely to the charge, down the hill, now up the hill over the palisades, like a pouring river of men, dealing stinging sword-thrusts—dropping in clumsy heaps of javelin-pricked and axe-smitten lifelessness; from swift, bright-eyed men becoming a bloody mass to stumble over, or feebly crying for mercy at the feet that trampled them: so the fight went on. . . . There was no sound of guns or smoke of powder in that day, only a fearful wrangling and chopping, and a whir of arrow and lance and twang of bowstring. Yes, and a dolorous groaning as closer and closer the armies grappled with each other, hand to hand" (pp. 307, 308).

**A more charming "derangement of epitaphs" has not been seen for many a year in a work pretending to be serious.**

**Miss Jewett's philosophical reflections are couched in equally graphic and exquisitely comic sentences. Here are two as examples. The first contains her ideas on the effect of the Norman conquest of England:—**

"Heaven send dampness now and bleak winds, and let poor Edward's sufferings be short! There was work for a man to do in ruling England, and Edward could not do it. The Englishmen were stupid and dull; they ate too much and drank too much; they clung with both hands to their old notions of statecraft and government. It was the old story of the hare and the tortoise, but the hare was fleet of foot and would win. Win? Yes, this race and that race; and yet the tortoise was going to be somehow made over new, and keep a steady course in the right path, and learn speed and get to be better than the old tortoise as the years went on and on" (pp. 243, 244).

**The second shows her profound grasp of the effects of war:—**

"Just here we might well stop to consider the true causes and effects of war. Seen in the largest way possible, from this side of life, certain forces of development are enabled to assert themselves only by outgrowing, outnumbering, outfighting their opposers. War is the conflict between ideas that are going to live and ideas that are past their maturity and are going to die. . . . Wars may appear to delay, but in due time they surely raise whole nations of men to higher levels, whether by preparing for new growths or by mixing the new and old. Generals of battalions and unreckoned camp-followers alike are effects of some great change, not causes of it. And no war was ever fought that was not an evidence that one element in it had outgrown the other, and was bound to get itself manifested and better understood. The first effect of war is incidental and temporary; the secondary effect makes a link in the grand chain of the spiritual education and development of the world" (pp. 255, 256).

**It is not pleasant for a reviewer to hold up a lady to ridicule. Miss Jewett is a lady who has won some fame as a novelist in the United States; she should stick to her last and not infringe on the domain of the historical writer. To write history needs a special training; it needs wide reading; it demands unceasing labour and whole-souled devotion. A man or woman who can reel off fluent sentences is not thereby justified in thinking he or she can write history, and, above all, popular history, the hardest task to which the historian can betake himself, and one in which many eminent historians have failed. We must conclude, however, in spite of seeming ungallant, to amuse our readers by a last gem from Miss Jewett's chaplet:—**

"One familiar English word of ours—hurrah—is said to date from Rolf's reign, *Rou* the Frenchmen, called our Rolf; and there was a law that if a man was in danger himself, or caught doing his enemy any damage, he could raise the cry *Ha Rou!* and so invoke justice in Duke Rolf's name. At the sound of the cry, everybody was bound, on the instant, to give chase to the offender, and whoever failed to respond to the cry of *Ha Rou!* must pay a heavy fine to Rolf himself. This began the old English fashion of 'hue and cry,' as well as our custom of shouting 'Hurrah!' when we are pleased or excited" (p. 49).

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## THE EPIDEMICS OF MEDIÆVAL BRITAIN.

A History of Epidemics in Britain from A.D. 664 to the Extinction of a Plague. By Charles Creighton, M.A., M.D. Cambridge: at the University Press.

**This is the first attempt in English at a systematic history of epidemics, and even those who distrust and dislike Dr. Creighton for his conclusions on the subject of vaccination must admit that he has high qualifications for the work, and has laboured at it with a thoroughness that should not go unacknowledged. The thousand years that his history covers—a period defined by the beginning and the end of Plague in Britain—are innocent of vaccination, though small-pox makes its appearance in the later centuries of the period. Dr. Creighton speaks disrespectfully of John of Gaddesden, describes him as a quack *in excelsis*, and laughs at his red-cloth remedy for the pits in small-pox. But the reputation of this mediæval worthy is not so sacred as Sir William Jenner's, and nobody will resent the historian's ridicule. In discussing Plague, leprosy, ergotism, sweating sickness, yellow fever, and so forth, there is room for originality and heresy, of which Dr. Creighton does not fail to take advantage. But his novelties are historical and speculative, and do not touch practical interests, except indirectly and remotely; so that we are free to enjoy the freshness and scholarship of the treatise. Dr. Creighton shows all a German's industry in the collection of facts, and more than a German's acuteness in canvassing the meaning of ambiguous terms and discussing theories of origin; while at the same time he writes lucidly—even brilliantly at times—and makes happy application of a wide knowledge of general history and literature. This last feature of the work adds greatly to its interest for the layman, although it is not carried to such excess as to interfere with the writer's main purpose.**

**The mediæval notices of leprosy and small-pox serve excellently to test Dr. Creighton's powers of unravelling confused records. The reason that he suggests for the continuance of the former disease in Scotland long after it had died out in England—certain enactments touching the diet of lepers—is at once an acute observation in itself, and a striking confirmation of the theory that he adopts as to the ætiology of the disease. But perhaps the best specimen of his method all round is his account of that strange malady known as the sweating sickness, memorable in literature as the disease that made an end of Sir John Falstaff. This presents a nice compact problem for the epidemiologist, inasmuch as it had a limited reign of less than seventy years, the natural life of a man, and never extended—except for one capricious excursion to the Continent—beyond the bounds of England. Shakespeare, though he gives the symptoms with his usual accuracy, suggesting an acquaintance with a medical treatise on the subject, was guilty of a slight anachronism in making Sir John die of the sweat. It came mysteriously with the coronation of Henry Tudor in 1485, and, after five epidemic outbreaks, disappeared as mysteriously in 1551. Where did it come from? Where was it during the intervals of its five visitations? Why did it, for the most part, attack the rich and spare the poor? The commonly accepted account is that it first broke out among the troops that won Bosworth Field, and was by them brought to London. But Dr. Creighton throws doubt upon the precise accuracy of this statement. He has been fortunate enough to light upon a contemporary manuscript, written by one Forrestier, a French physician who practised, or tried to practise, at the new King's Court. Forrestier is very precise about the date of the first outbreak; he puts it on the 19th of September, about three weeks after Henry's entry into London. Does it follow that it was not brought over by Henry's mercenaries, "a sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways," recruited from Rouen and the lower basin of the Seine? Dr. Creighton's theory is the paradoxical one that the new epidemic was brought by these Norman soldiers, although they did not themselves suffer from it. He builds upon the fact that two hundred and fifty years later a peculiar "sweat," known as the Picardy Sweat, became endemic in the very region from which Henry's recruits were drawn. This he takes as evidence that the virus of the disease or its conditions were latent in their native soil. But why should it have suddenly developed with epidemic violence not among**

the poor rapscallions themselves when they crowded into London in the train of the King whom they had helped to make, but among the wealthy citizens and courtiers? To explain this, Dr. Creighton refers to analogous phenomena in the infectiousness of yellow fever and various notable cases of gaol fever. In the various Black Assizes of the sixteenth century it was not the criminals who were attacked with most virulence, but the judges and the lawyers and the general audience. And it seems clearly established that the dreaded Yellow Jack had its origin in the unwholesome conditions of the slave-trade, although negroes themselves are remarkably exempt from it. These and other parallels which he cites seem to Dr. Creighton to warrant an important supplementary law of infection. "There are pestilent infections which do not come readily under the law of poor, uncleanly, and negligent living, in the ordinary sense of the words; and there are some communicable diseases which directly contradict the principle that infection falls upon those who engender it by their mode of life. Unwholesome conditions of living may be trusted to engender disease, but it does not follow that the infection so engendered will fall upon those who lead the unwholesome lives; sometimes it falls upon the class who are farthest removed from them in social circumstances or domestic habits, or who are widely separated from them in racial characters. This principle I believe to be not only a necessary complement to the more obvious rule, but to be itself one of wide application."

Apart from his ætiological theories, which have the merit of never being advanced without a clear statement of the grounds on which they are built, this history is a work of great research. At every point Dr. Creighton shows a praiseworthy passion for thoroughness, in small incidental questions such as the etymology of "measles" or the identity of the "Bishop of Arusiens," as much as in weightier matters. He takes nothing for granted; he subjects every statement to critical examination. A good example of this is his criticism of a famous passage from one of the letters of Erasmus, which has long done duty as an authority for the shocking sanitary condition of English houses at the end of the fifteenth century. Who does not know his picture of an English floor covered with rushes piled the new upon the old for twenty years without a clearance and befouled with all manner of filth? M. Taine quotes it as applicable to the spacious times of Queen Elizabeth. Here, doubtless, Dr. Creighton suggests, we have the exaggeration of the "intelligent foreigner," and he quotes more trustworthy evidence of the English regard for cleanliness. He even turns the tables on Erasmus by unearthing from Richard of Devizes, a chronicler of Richard I's time, an ironical saying that Frenchmen love soap-boilers as much as they love scavengers (*Omnis Francus saponarios amat ut stercorarios*). This is a very early version of the sarcasm of the English tourist that "Foreigners don't wash."

## LIBELLED IRELAND.

THREE MONTHS' TOUR IN IRELAND. By Madame de Bovet. Translated and condensed by Mrs. Arthur Walter. With illustrations. London: Chapman & Hall.

THIS is a book almost beneath contempt—full of ignorance, malevolence, and a superficial sort of French smartness. Exceptional Frenchmen—like M. de Tocqueville, to take the greatest example—write the best books about other countries—at least, other civilised ones, while your ordinary Frenchman or Frenchwoman writes probably the worst. The best French book, and one of the best of all books of travels in Ireland, is M. de Beaumont's, and the Abbé Peraud's is probably the next best; but next *longo intervallo*. Frenchmen—as, indeed, men of many countries—have of late taken to writing many books on Ireland, of which M. de Hervé's is, perhaps, the best, as he is certainly the best writer and the most competent person who has of late dealt with this subject; but after him we descend through every degree of merit—or, rather, demerit—passing downwards by various stages, through M. de Grancey and others, till finally we arrive at Madame de Bovet, whose book is possibly the worst ever written on an unfortunate country, which, in addition to its many other misfortunes, has given occasion for the production of more bad books than probably any other country in creation.

But to come more particularly to Madame de Bovet. The first chapter of the book, entitled "Dublin," will afford the not over curious reader a sufficient experience of what he may expect to find throughout. On the second page we find that Dunleary, the old name of Kingstown, signifies "Fort of Leary," one of the last Celtic Pagan princes. This is vague. A few pages further on we are told that it was *about ten o'clock in the forenoon* when Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke fell under the knives of the Invincibles. This is clear enough, but is quite inaccurate, as, indeed, is almost everything said by Madame de Bovet on the horrible Phœnix Park tragedy. These things are mere straws, but they serve as well as anything else to show the strong current of inaccuracy that runs through the whole book. But if Madame de Bovet's *facts* are curious, her opinions, or those she chooses to father upon other people, are perfectly wonderful. We are told, for instance, that "the Irish Celts do not regard the descendants of Anglo-Saxon colonists, however remote may be the period of their settlement in the country, as one with themselves." It remained for this frothy French woman, presumably a Celt herself, to find out that the Celts of Ireland repudiate Burke and Berkeley, not to talk of Emmet and Mitchel.

But we are getting more than a little tired of this lady, even though we find ourselves still sticking fast in her first chapter, where we are informed, among other things, that the de Birminghams were Anglo-Saxons, that Red Hugh O'Donnell was imprisoned in Dublin Castle (at least, so we read Madame de Bovet) after his rebellion, and that Mr. Smith O'Brien was arrested in Dublin, of which (or of some other) city he is with characteristic inaccuracy supposed to be a native. But enough about this lady's ignorance, of which you might cull specimens from almost every other page. "Why break a butterfly upon a wheel?" A few words about the *animus* of Madame de Bovet, and we have done with her. Throughout the book there is nothing but contempt for the people—their ignorance, their lying, their dirt, and all the rest. At pp. 5 and 6 we have a vivid enough picture of a public-house, apparently seen from the inside:—

> "Huddled together like a flock of sheep, the customers of these wretched places drink; standing about, leaning on the counter or up against the wall, in an atmosphere poisoned by alcoholic vapours, thick with tobacco smoke, and reeking with the exhalations of foul humanity."

So far so good, but is not this sort of sight to be seen elsewhere than in Ireland? Further on, we have a description of a drunken woman turned out, amid the jeers and jostles of the spectators, to lie upon the road. And yet the lady who gives this sort of thing, and much more of the same sort, as characteristic of Ireland, favours us in her closing page with the following Tartuffian observations:—

> "What has been most wanted to the Irish people during its seven centuries of conquest has been sympathy to warm its heart; and, like all amiable but weak natures, sympathy is what it needs most."

Possibly, but surely Madame de Bovet must know that sympathy is the last thing she has to give to Ireland, or to anywhere else.

We have no good word to say of this book, and can imagine little good of its author. The translation seems to render the sense (or nonsense) of the book fairly well, and the illustrations are really

very effective, not for any special artistic merit in them, but in that they are, as far as we can judge, faithfully illustrative of the various scenes and places described in the book.

## SKATING AND CURLING.

THE BADMINTON LIBRARY: SKATING, CURLING, ETC. London: Longmans.

DURING the present season for ice-sports this capital volume will be heartily welcomed. It will afford first-rate entertaining reading on skating and curling, after coming home from these health-sustaining pastimes. No strain is needed to run the eye over the lightsome pages; yet there is enough interest in the perusal to attract the attention of the most sleepy in these long nights, especially in the country, where entertainments are necessarily scarce and unreachable. Mr. J. M. Heathcote, who tells us of the origin, principles, recreation, and early history of skating, seems as much at home in this sport as he was in his excellent work on Tennis in a previous volume of this unrivalled series. He has shown how the pleasures of straight-away skating can be most readily cultivated, and at the same time has afforded instruction to the general reader by a short history of its development—by some hints which will be of great service to beginners, and by a few anecdotes suggested by half a century's careful observation. It was once wisely said: "Experience is the best schoolmaster, but the school fees are often somewhat heavy." This remark is especially true of skating: for here experience is a *sine quâ non*, and the fees, in the form of falls, are in most cases occasionally not light. Yet the youth seems to pay them frankly, so exhilarated is he with the pastime, which, unlike some others, has neither "flukes" for the loser nor chance for the victor. Careful instructions are given at the outset as to boots, skates, and clothing for the tyro—afterwards the experienced hand can judge for himself or herself. It is interesting to contrast the long-toed travelling skates of Friesland or the long-heeled skates of Norway with the short heel-screwed skates of Britain. There is no "coach" to the art of skating, but the Fen-men—the most illustrious "runners" in this country—have a rough-and-ready style of instruction. Mr. Heathcote well remembers the mortification he experienced, when, with the arrogance of an Eton boy, he fancied that he was a fast skater for his age, at finding himself completely outpaced by a sturdy youngster of the Fens a head and shoulders shorter than himself, who adjusted a rusty pair of irons on to his boots with inadequate straps supplemented with string.

In time of frost, the skater's first question is, "Will the ice bear to-day?" Mr. Heathcote gives some excellent practical instruction on this important subject. Choose black ice, for its elastic nature makes it by far the most trustworthy, and a limited number of skaters may safely venture on ice of this character one inch thick. White ice is most treacherous, being full of air-bubbles formed by the incorporated snow. Anchor ice wants homogeneity and is not trustworthy, unless during severe and continued frost. *Verglas* is formed when a fine rain falls, and is immediately congealed; this is generally of little use to the skater. The cracks should be watched. Isolated cracks, although perhaps extending across the whole sheet of ice, may be disregarded; others formed at right angles to these are scarcely worthy of notice; but diagonal cracks through which a little water finds its way are a certain indication that the ice has been subjected to as severe a strain as it can bear. Useful hints are given in cases of accidents as well to the victim as the onlookers. In all cases foolhardiness should be cast aside. The words of the Laureate are *àpropos*:—

> "I will be . . . careful of my motion,
> Like the skater on ice that hardly bears him,
> Lest I fall unawares before the people,
> Waking laughter,"

or perhaps something worse. The author next illustrates the relations borne by the art of skating not only to recreation but to the sports of fox-hunting, racing, fishing, and shooting. Even military exercises have from time to time been practised on the ice. When commanding the 1st Hunts R.V. he ordered a parade without rifles or side-arms, but with skates, and more than half of the strength of the corps responded to the summons. This reminds us of thirty years ago, when Dr. Lonie, of the Madras College, St. Andrews, drilled a large number of boys at the Step Rock by *swimming* evolutions.

Mr. T. Maxwell Witham, with the assistance of an enormous number of diagrams, leads us through the mysteries of figure-skating. In walking and running we put one leg in advance of the other, but in skating we do nothing of the sort—that has to be remembered by the tyro. Hundreds of falls will be avoided if the beginner will take the trouble carefully to note the directions here given as to the position of the body in acquiring turns, and practise them assiduously in a room before going near the ice. The Q's, the rockers, the counters—loops, cross-cuts, and continuous figures—the curious grape-vines, and charming brackets—are all fully and clearly described, with most serviceable hints. He also gives his instructions on roller-skating and the Skating Club Rules. No one is better fitted than Mr. C. G. Trebutt to compare the styles and chronicle the achievements of the principal professional skaters. He is close on the heels of James Smart, of the Fens—the champion of the world, with a similar style. Instantaneous photographs have been taken of his style in all positions, and drawings of these are here given, a feature which very much enhances the value of the volume. The same has been done in the case of the amateur champion of the world—Mr. Joseph F. Donoghue, of America. The contrast in their styles is very marked: the former swinging his arms in front below, the latter with his arms fastened behind his back. Similar illustrations are given of the Dutch style, of which K. Pander is the type. Mr. Trebutt gives a glowing description of skating in Holland. There children can skate before they can read or almost walk. All business is done on skates, and on Sunday thousands travel thus to service, leaving their skates in a large heap in the lobby of the church. Those who despise figure skating, as only fitted for ponds, will get their heart's content realised in the hundreds of miles of continuous skating in that country. The sixty miles' skate from Amsterdam to Rotterdam is a very ordinary matter. Details of the principal contests for the championship are given in the chapter on Modern Racing.

Those who are too old to take to skating with safety, and who are driven from the golf-course by King Frost, can have a full compensation of pleasure at the "roaring game." On curling the Rev. John Kerr, of Dirleton, is the principal authority living, his volume on the "History of Curling" being the recognised standard work. If anything, he writes his chapter on Curling in this volume with more ease and humour. Possibly he kept too much adrift from Dr. James Taylor's book, which is studded with laughter-splitting anecdotes, when he wrote his more ambitious treatise; but here he gives us some capital anecdotes, some of them being necessarily from the same source as those of Dr. Taylor. His historical sketch is first-rate. One of the oldest stones bears the date 1511, and is without handles. In the troublous conflict between Prelacy and Presbytery in Scotland, curling was an unconscious bond of union betwixt Episcopalian and Covenanter, for in the General Assembly of 1638 the Bishop of Orkney was charged with being "a curler on the ice on the Sabbath Day," while Guthrie of Pitforthy, one of the most noted of the Covenanters of the same period, was a keen curler. In 1842, when the late Prince Consort and Her Majesty the Queen visited Scotland, the Prince agreed to become patron of the Royal Caledonian Club. Now

there are no fewer than 714 clubs all over the world, but 481 of these are in Scotland, which claims curling as her "ain game." Capital advice is given as to ponds, stones, style, and match-playing. A distinguishing feature of the chapter is the humour thrown into numerous drawings by Mr. R. Alexander. But Mr. Kerr's Scotch is brimful of meaning in his varied curling expressions, such as—"Curl in to yere grannie's weeng," "Ne'er a kowe," "Come cannilie creepin' doon," etc. Think of the enthusiasm of the curlers on the pond of Cupar on a Saturday afternoon, when, on the minister remarking that he would require to prepare a new sermon (knowing that he had been on the sins of Judas for several Sundays), they all cried out: "Na, na, Doctor, ye mauna gang awa' and leave us this way for sake o' the sermon. Jist gie Judas anither wallop i' the tow." Only a Scotchman can fully appreciate the humour of the last sentence. The chapters on tobogganing, ice-sailing, and bandy conclude a most interesting volume, brilliantly adorned with full-page illustrations and hundreds of drawings.

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## FICTION.

1. A Matrimonial Mixture. By C. J. Hyne. Three vols. London: Ward & Downey.
2. Matthew Tindale. By Augusta A. Varty-Smith. Three vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son.
3. A Sinner's Sentence. By Alfred Larder. Three vols. London: Chatto & Windus.

Let us, for the purposes of brevity and convenience, call the two heroes of "A Matrimonial Mixture" *a* and *b*, and the two heroines *c* and *d*. In this quartet *a* and *c* are poor, and *b* and *d* are rich. It is obvious, therefore, that at the conclusion of the work of a genial and humane novelist, *a* will marry *d*, and *b* will marry *c*; for by this course alone can both couples be provided with that happy sufficiency which we see everywhere in real life. An optimistic novelist, writing for an optimistic public, has only one course before him. The conclusion is a matter of necessity; and the commencement, in consequence, also is to some extent the work of necessity. *A* marries *d* in the third volume. Very well; then *a* must be engaged to *c* in the first. Similarly, *b*'s marriage to *c* is the natural corollary to his engagement to *d*. All of this actually takes place in "A Matrimonial Mixture," and goes far to confirm us in a belief which we have long held—that the average three-volume novel is the work not so much of the author whose name it bears as of Destiny; or, in other words, that the author must allow himself to be very much conditioned by the requirements of the common, Mudie-formed mind.

But Mr. Hyne adds rather a pretty complication. Maurice Veyn engages himself to Gwendolen Stuart. Both are poor; and her mother, who is ambitious and mercenary, would in all probability never consent to the match. Gwendolen therefore keeps her engagement secret, and with this view announces her engagement to another young man—an engagement which has no real existence. This other young man, Richard Devereux, consents to this arrangement; he has always been as a brother to Gwendolen, and is eager to forward her plans and her happiness by allowing it to be supposed that she is engaged to him. But, unfortunately, Richard Devereux, while nominally engaged to Gwendolen, is really engaged to another young lady, and all four of these characters are staying at the same time in the same house. Mr. Hyne may be conditioned by Destiny, but he certainly has some power of ingenuity and invention. The complications which ensue from his plot are frequently dramatic and diverting. "A Matrimonial Mixture" is not altogether the mixture as before; and why, by the way, was Mr. Hyne so ill-advised as to give his book this terrible, druggist-suggesting title?

The book is throughout written very flippantly. Sometimes this flippancy is bright; sometimes it is very dull and comic. In one place the author has had the impertinence to embody in his work, without acknowledgment, an exceedingly old story. But on the whole these three volumes are readable; the dialogue contained in them is especially good, for it is rare to find a novelist who can write the conversation of ordinary young men with any degree of conviction. It is distinctly a masculine novel. Mr. Hyne may certainly go on writing; if he will not always strain to amuse, if he will learn what background means, and if in one or two points he will improve his taste, he will earn our gratitude. We may add that Mr. Hyne can write dialect to perfection, which is an accomplishment not possessed by the author of the second novel on our list, "Matthew Tindale."

"Matthew Tindale" is a lamentably commonplace book—the old story told in the old way. Matthew Tindale is a blacksmith, and the muscles of his brawny arms are like to iron bands; his sister Maggie, to whom Matthew is devoted, is seduced by a weakly and wealthy young man, Sidney Aschenburg, who deserts her when she discovers that she will become a mother. She runs away from home. The heroine who runs away is always assisted at some point in her journey by the "friendly carter," and Maggie in this respect is no exception. In the meantime her brother and Aschenburg have a fight, and Aschenburg is thrown into the river and drowned. The sympathies of the reader are of course with Matthew Tindale: he has shown himself quixotically honourable in other respects; he is on the verge of his own betrothal; and if he committed murder, he certainly did it under very strong provocation. The book owes something to "Adam Bede," but it is not likely to be mistaken for a work of George Eliot's. One can only regret the style which makes such sentences as the following possible:

> "Has the soul, with powers scarcely other than divine, been thus changed during the far-gone vista of years, wherein wave after wave of generations ebbs back into the sea of the golden age and is lost upon its shore? or did not men in that happy time consciously live in their dual world, the spiritual part untrammelled by the material, and without voice, or sign, or gesture of their grosser form, communicate in a speech now lost to man?"

It is not wise to write like that at any time; it is particularly injudicious to introduce such sentences into the first volume of a novel, for we think that there are some readers who will never get past them. Even in metaphorical expressions clearness counts for something, and words should be used for their meaning rather than for their pretty sound. But there is no occasion to be angry with "Matthew Tindale"; it is a commonplace novel—that is all; it is much less objectionable than many other commonplace novels. It will do no harm, and its faults are not glaring enough to give it any individuality. It is one of a class that authors write and publishers publish for the excellent commercial reason that the public reads that class; but we have never discovered why the public reads them, seeing that life is short and the books which are worth reading are many. However, "Matthew Tindale" is certainly preferable to "A Sinner's Sentence."

"A Sinner's Sentence" ought not to have been written. An artist may choose his own subject just as he pleases, but the author of "A Sinner's Sentence" is not an artist; his work is a piece of dull plagiarism, marked by bad taste on almost every page. The hero recounts how, being engaged to one woman, he seduced another, committed adultery with a third, and made love to a few more. He finally falls in love with the woman to whom he was engaged, and—but we really do not care to devote any more space to "A Sinner's Sentence." It is not a book for the Young Person, neither is it a book for anyone else. It is a poor attempt to do for the adventurer what "As in a Looking-Glass" did for the adventuress, the chief distinction being that "As in a Looking-Glass" showed strength and ability, while "A Sinner's Sentence" is nasty, weak, and wearisome.

## THE QUARTERLIES.

THE political articles in the *Quarterly* and the *Edinburgh Reviews* are based upon the speeches of the recess. Mr. Gladstone's Newcastle deliverance is the main object of attack. Most things assailed by them have survived the onslaught of these antique quarterly champions, and the Newcastle "programme" will be added to the number. It is fair to say that in both reviews the tone towards Mr. Gladstone personally conveys a tacit rebuke to the ungenerous railers who vilipend their opponent as if he were a malefactor.

It is in the last degree unlikely, the *Quarterly* thinks, that any attempt will be made to carry the present Parliament over the autumn. If the Tories have a majority at the General Election, then we shall have domestic legislation, with Mr. Balfour at the helm. The adoration of Mr. Balfour is as fervid as ever. It is now, at last, quite evident that the only absolutely necessary qualification for any post is that one should hold it. Immediately after the application of the pitchfork, "everybody feels confidence in him, everybody is sure that he will not rush headlong into unnecessary dangers."

The *Edinburgh* reviewer is of opinion that as the House of Commons more and more absorbs the powers of the other branches of the Legislature, a General Election comes to resemble more and more the choice of a dictator by the people. There is even less truth in this than in the generality of epigrams. The fact that Mr. Gladstone, the most powerful leader England has had in this century, should have spent so much of his career in Opposition, is sufficient proof that until the country is ripe for the measures the men must wait. Like the *Quarterly*, the *Edinburgh* rests the future on Mr. Balfour; it is the hope of the party that his leadership will last a generation. Mr. Goschen's "tremendous" services are referred to—the City-man will like the word "tremendous"—but Lord Randolph Churchill's name is omitted in both reviews. That mighty hunter may always be counted on to upset the plans of his party; we should like to see a struggle between him and Mr. Balfour. The wisdom of the *Edinburgh* reviewer shows to great advantage in the following sentences: "The Home Rule Bill, it is agreed, is to have precedence of everything else. That Bill will be either defeated or passed." Did anyone dream of such an alternative? We are further assured, on the authority of the Duke of Devonshire, that the passage or rejection of a Home Rule measure would alike entail an immediate appeal to the people. If this be so, why should the *Edinburgh* reviewer waste so much ink exclaiming against the supposed concealment of Mr. Gladstone's intentions in Home Rule? We do not think it is a law of the Jockey Club that if a "dark" horse wins, the race must be run again; but he who chose to believe such a thing would have no occasion to cry out against the outsider, at least before the first race.

"Hafiz" and "Horace" are the literary articles in the *Quarterly*. The immediate occasion of the former is the publication in Calcutta of a prose translation of "The Divan," by Colonel H. Wilberforce Clarke. The reviewer is not disposed to take the poetry of Hafiz in the high mystical sense which Colonel Clarke is fain to put upon it. While such an interpretation may be unnecessary, we see no reason why the modern Persian should be blamed for drinking champagne and allowing himself to be photographed, and for understanding Hafiz according to his lights. As for those who make of Hafiz's gleaming and enchanted strophes such rapturous prayer as Christian saints have distilled from the "Song of Songs," Hafiz himself laughs at them. In the words of a writer at whom the *Quarterly* reviewer would sneer, "Hafiz is determined to defy all such hypocritical interpretation, and tears off his turban and throws it at the head of the meddling dervis, and throws his glass after the turban." But no one would dream of confounding his erotic and bacchanalian songs with vulgar debauch. "It is the spirit in which the song is written that imports and not the topic." Yet, although misinterpretation is to be avoided, it seems certain that Hafiz, in his extraordinary gifts, adds to some of the attributes of Pindar, Anacreon, Horace, and Burns the insight of a mystic, affording a deeper glance at Nature than belongs to any of these poets. And surely he was as much of a gentleman as Horace. When the Earl of Shaftesbury called Horace the most gentlemanlike of the Roman poets, he was thinking chiefly of the qualities indicated by our phrase "man of the world," and which may characterise Esmond equally with Lovelace, Hafiz as well as Horace. Whether or not Horace may be called a gentleman in our modern sense matters little. He will continue to be the favourite classic poet of the more unpoetical among cultivated Englishmen; and reverend gentlemen will spend seventeen years editing him, and *Quarterly* reviewers will occupy thirty-one pages in discussing whether he was a poet or not. The literary article in the *Edinburgh* is a very appreciative notice of Dr. Döllinger.

In the *Historical Review* there are two articles which will be found interesting by others than specialists. Those are "English Popular Preaching in the Fourteenth Century," by Miss Toulmin Smith, and "Elizabeth Claypole," by Mr. R. W. Ramsey. The former is based on "Les Contes Moralisés" of Nicholas Bozon, recently issued in Paris by the "Société des Anciens Textes Français." No trace of Bozon's family has yet been found. All that is known of him is that he wrote in the corrupt French which was in use in England in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. It is conjectured that he knew the North of England well, from his mention of the Trent and the Derwent, and of Scotch sheep which he had seen. He was a poet as well as a preacher, fifteen pieces being with certainty attributed to him. His discourses seem to have been as artless as the inferior order of popular sermon is to-day. The force of ineptitude could hardly go further than in the following curious illustration:—

> "There is a sea fish called Koytar, which is happy and joyous as long as it remains in salt water. But let it put its head up and the falling rain-water touch it, lo! it turns on its stomach and pretends to be dying till it be restored by the nature of the salt water. So it is with many: the bitterness of this world, with labour and sorrow, pleases them all the week; but when they come to Sunday, and the word of God begins to fall on them like dew, by their stomach they accuse themselves: the day is far gone and they must go to dinner."

It is no wonder that the Sunday Question survived such preaching.

Mr. R. W. Ramsey draws a pleasant, pathetic picture of the Lady Elizabeth Claypole, the Protector's favourite daughter. The satirist who called her "a great lover of plays and piety" has unintentionally given in a single phrase the picture of a charming, wilful woman.

It is probable that the friendly relations between Russia and France have something to do with the interest taken in the latter country in Count Pozzo di Borgo, the great Russian diplomatist, whose official correspondence during a few eventful years is now being published in Paris by his nephew. The dream of Pozzo di Borgo's diplomatic life was to bring about an alliance between France and Russia. His influence on European policy was most strongly exercised during 1814-30. "The Diary of a Spanish Grandee" (*Quarterly*) also takes us to Russia. James Francis Fitzjames Stuart, Duke of Livia and Xerica, Earl of Tynemouth, and Baron of Bosworth, son of the Duke of Berwick, was Spanish Ambassador in Russia from 1727 to 1730. During these years he also visited the Courts of Vienna, Dresden, and Berlin, and his short characters of the chief personages he met, recall, and are hardly inferior to, the sharp outlines of St. Simon's sketches. Both the *Quarterly* and the *Edinburgh* notice General Marbot, and the latter contains reviews of Mr. Sidgwick's "Elements of Politics" and of Mr. Froude's new book.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

"THE Dramatic Essays of Charles Lamb" are always welcome, even when they are bound up with an "introduction" by Mr. Brander Matthews. He is good enough to tell us that Americans take a peculiar delight in the humour of Elia, and he adds that their admiration is based on the fact that he is one of the foremost of American humorists. If any wrong-headed person hotly rushes in with the objection that Charles Lamb was not an American at all, Mr. Brander Matthews is prepared to meet him with the calm remark that this circumstance ought not to be remembered to the discredit of the genial essayist, since it was a mere accident of birth. In truth, Elia had so much in common with Benjamin Franklin and Mark Twain that, if he had been so minded, he might have "taken out his naturalisation papers at any time." Let it be granted that Charles Lamb was an Englishman—nay, a Cockney of the purest breed—yet, notwithstanding so great a disadvantage, he had "parts not unworthy of American adoption." He possessed, for example, humour of the brand known as dry, "like that which England is wont to import from America in the original package." Stress is laid by Mr. Matthews on this very obvious quality in Lamb, and he likewise draws the attention of the English ignoramus to the fact of Elia's love of the stage in general, and of Shakespeare in particular. As for the rest, if there is something true, there is nothing new in this slightly ridiculous and superfluous deliverance. The book is clearly printed and prettily bound, and a well-known portrait of Lamb is placed opposite its title-page.

We have received the "Scottish Church and University Almanac for 1892," a volume of two hundred pages filled with facts and statistics concerning ecclesiastical and educational life and activity on the other side of the Tweed. It abounds in precise information, and that of a kind which it would be difficult to obtain elsewhere.

It is because Dr. Hugh Macmillan believes that Revelation and Nature are both sacred books which are designed to supplement and shed light on each other, and to furnish, "like the two pictures in a stereoscopic slide, one impressive picture, standing out in clear relief and living perspective," that he has compiled "A Cyclopædia of Nature Teachings." The great results of modern science when rightly understood are not hostile to faith; on the contrary, they heighten, rather than lessen, the majesty of existence, and make men realise more deeply than ever the need of a Personal Power beyond themselves. Agassiz declared that scientific systems are, in truth, but translations into human language of the thoughts of the Creator; and as knowledge grows, the wisdom of such a remark does not grow less apparent. Dr. Macmillan contends that we cannot isolate religion and make it a kingdom in the air, for it has relations and affinities with every phase of life and space and matter. The avowed aim of this book is to place within easy reach of all religious teachers facts, suggestions, and illustrations concerning Nature and her teachings drawn from the ample materials which modern science has accumulated. Cuts from all quarters have been obtained, and the compilation, though rather weak in parts, is, on the whole, fairly satisfactory and comprehensive.

Prominent attention is drawn in "Burdett's Hospital Annual for 1892" to the work done by the voluntary hospitals of the metropolis at the present time. A glance at the statistics for a single year reveals the fact that these hospitals contain upwards of eight thousand beds, and that considerably more than six thousand were occupied every night throughout the twelve months. Over and above the amount of philanthropic labour which such figures represent, the voluntary hospitals of London relieved within the same period no less than seventy-eight thousand indoor patients, whilst upwards of one million one hundred and fifty-eight thousand applicants received such medical or surgical aid as their needs required. Mr. Burdett points out that whilst annual subscriptions are the mainstay of hospitals in the provinces, in London, from some cause or another, they form a comparatively insignificant part of the revenue; in fact, but for invested property and legacies, the hospitals of the greatest city in the world would be in a sorry plight. An analysis has been made in these pages of the income returns of one hundred and sixty-four hospitals in London and in various other centres throughout the British Isles, from which it appears that the total income amounted to £1,284,903. In this list thirty-one hospitals have medical schools attached, and possess an income of £656,297; eighty-two are general hospitals, with a collective revenue of £400,936; whilst the income of the remaining fifty-one special hospitals amounts but to £227,670. Attention is drawn by Mr. Burdett to the fact that although the special hospitals amount to one-third of the whole number of institutions cited, they only have an income of rather more than a quarter of a million, or one-fifth of the whole. The great change which has taken place in consequence of the growing demand for trained nurses throughout the country is proved by the fact that ·62 of the income of all the general hospitals, and ·93 in special institutions, is derived from payments received from probationary nurses. There are many other facts in this admirable manual which are hardly less significant; indeed, the book contains a brief but lucid description of the position and requirements of the voluntary charities of the nation, as well as a comprehensive record of all departments of hospital work for the year.

In three dainty little volumes Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole has selected for the "Knickerbocker Press" a group of the best "Stories from the Arabian Nights." He has ignored—wisely, we think—the jealous Sultan and Shahrazad, and has contented himself with those tales of the thousand-and-one nights which represent most vividly the various phases of Eastern romance. He draws attention to the curious circumstance that the origin and history of a book which has achieved such boundless popularity is still wrapped in obscurity, and that the researches of scholars like De Sacy, Von Hammer, Lane, and Burton, have been rewarded with nothing more definite than a conjectural theory of development. The view which Mr. Lane-Poole himself favours is that this wonderful picture of Muslim life and manners was given to the world pretty nearly in its present form about the thirteenth century, and he is inclined to think that Egypt, rather than Persia, was the land in which it originated. Some of the tales in the Arabic original probably go as far back as the eighth century, and it is possible that the latest of them were added at the beginning of the sixteenth century, though there seems little reason to doubt that the great majority took literary shape half-way between the earlier and the later date we have named. The spelling of Oriental words adopted in these volumes is more exact than that which has hitherto been in vogue in popular translations of "The Arabian Nights." Each volume of this choice edition contains a frontispiece—views of Baghdad, Cairo, and Damascus respectively.

"Born a King" is an illustrated pamphlet of sixty pages descriptive of the sixty months or thereabouts during which "His Most Catholic Majesty Don Alphonso XIII., King of Spain," has been on the earth. The compilers of this nursery record have evidently searched diligently the files of the Spanish newspapers, and they are consequently in a position to retail, for the benefit of all who take an interest in such tattle, the gossip of the Court of Madrid. We hope that Alphonso XIII. will live and prosper, but we are not in the least degree impressed by the present narrative; the sentiment which pervades it is exaggerated, and occasionally the false note of adulation is only too apparent.

Mr. F. R. Oliphant—the son of a lady who has made all lovers of good fiction her friends—has gathered into a small volume a group of descriptive articles which originally appeared in a contemporary journal, and has called the collected papers "Notes of a Pilgrimage to Jerusalem and the Holy Land." The book is written in a reverent but not credulous spirit, and it gives a lucid and reliable picture of the condition of modern Palestine. Other prospective pilgrims to the holy places should consult this sensible and practical volume, and politicians in search of a theme might do worse than read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest what Mr. Oliphant has to say in the new and final chapter which he has added to this record of his travels in the East concerning the balance of power in Palestine.

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* THE DRAMATIC ESSAYS OF CHARLES LAMB. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by Brander Matthews. Portrait. London: Chatto & Windus. Crown 8vo. (2s. 6d.)

THE SCOTTISH CHURCH AND UNIVERSITY ALMANAC, 1892. Edinburgh: Macniven & Wallace. Crown 8vo. (1s.)

A CYCLOPÆDIA OF NATURE TEACHINGS, with an Introduction by Hugh Macmillan, LL.D., F.R.S.E., Author of "Bible Teachings in Nature," &c. London: Elliot Stock. Demy 8vo.

BURDETT'S HOSPITAL ANNUAL AND YEAR-BOOK OF PHILANTHROPY, 1891-1892. Edited by Henry C. Burdett. London: The Hospital, 140, Strand, W.C. Crown 8vo. (3s. 6d.)

STORIES FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS, selected from Lane's Version, with Additions newly translated from the Arabic by Stanley Lane-Poole. Illustrated. Three Volumes. New York & London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 18mo.

BORN A KING. By Frances and Mary Arnold-Forster. Illustrated. London, Paris and Melbourne: Cassell & Co., Limited. Crown 8vo. (1s.)

NOTES OF A PILGRIMAGE TO JERUSALEM AND THE HOLY LAND. By F. R. Oliphant, B.A. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 12mo, cloth.


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